SONGS OF KIWANIS

THE OFFICIAL SONG BOOK OF
KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

(For Classified Index and Suggested Songs for Special Occasions See Inside Back Cover.)

Abide With Me..... 76
All Through The Night..... 106
Alouette 117
America 55
America, The Beautiful..... 65
Annie Laurie..... 81
Annie Rooney (Words)..... 124
As A Mighty Host..... 41
Auld Lang Syne..... 83
Battle Hymn of the Republic, The 59
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.... 90
Bells of St. Mary's, The (Words) 122
Big Night Tonight, A (Words) 114
Billy Boy..... 112
Blest Be The Tie That Binds 75
Blow The Man Down..... 112
Boost Kiwanis (Words)..... 35
Brighten The Corner Where You Are..... 77
Build, Build, Build..... 36
Builders 8
Building Kiwanis Fame..... 40
Carolina Song (Words)..... 52
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny (Words)..... 96
Clementine 109
Columbia, The Gem of The Ocean 60
Come, Thou Almighty King.. 71
Come Ye Thankful People... 68
Comin' Through The Rye.... 96
Daisy Bell (Words)..... 123
Darling Nelly Gray..... 84
De Bezem (Round)..... 121
Dixie Land 61
Doxology, The..... 67
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes 92
Faith Of Our Fathers..... 76
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.... 88
For He's A Jolly Good Fellow 111
Funiculi, Funicula..... 101
God Of Our Fathers..... 72
God Save The King (English) (Words) 55
God Save The King (French) (Words) 55
Greeting, A..... 118
Gymnastic Relief, A (Words) 114
Gypsy Love Song (Words).. 123
Hail, Kiwanis..... 51
Hail, West Virginia..... 46
Ham and Eggs..... 114
Hark, The Herald Angels Sing 74
Hi-Ho The Merrio (Words).. 51
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 71
Home Road, The..... 64
Home, Sweet Home..... 94
How D'ye Do..... 118
I'd Rather Belong to Kiwanis (Words) 7
I-I District Harmony Song (Words) 51
I'll Sing of Kiwanis..... 16
I Love A Lassie (Words)... 123
I'm Crazy 'Bout Kiwanis.... 24
I Need Thee Every Hour.... 70
In Style All The While..... 116
In The Gloaming..... 92
In The Good Old Summertime (Words) 124
I Want a Girl (Words)..... 123
Jingle, Bells 110
Jolly Bunch Song..... 38
Juanita 94
Kansas Song (Abdallah)..... 50
Killarney 98
Keep It Booming (Words)... 42
Kiwanis 6
Kiwanis Aims 19
Kiwanis Booster Song 27
Kiwanis Comrade Song (Words) 42
Kiwanis Friendship 22
Kiwanis Gang Song 44
Kiwanis Ideals 18
Kiwanis Lives 32
Kiwanis Pledge Song..... 43
Kiwanis Smile Song (Words) 44
Kiwanis "We Build"..... 14
Kiwanita (Words) 119
K-K-Kiwanis (Words)..... 44
Last Rose of Summer, The.. 81
Lead, Kindly Light..... 70
Leap Frog (Words)..... 124
Let Me Call You Sweetheart (Words) 123
Let The Rest Of The World Go By (Words)..... 122
Levee Song..... 106
Little Brown Church In The Vale, The 79
Loch Lomond..... 97
Long, Long Ago..... 93
Love's Old Sweet Song..... 82
Lovely Evening (Round)... 121
MacDonald's Farm..... 116
Maple Leaf Forever, The.... 56
Marching Along..... 20
Marseillaise, The 58
Massa's In The Cold Ground 86
Men of Kiwanis (Words).. 37
Merry Life, A..... 101
Michigan, My Michigan (Words) 52
Montana (Words)..... 52
Mother Machree (Words).... 124
Mule, The (Words)..... 120
Mules (Round)..... 121
Mummy Song..... 114
My Bonnie 111
My Old Kentucky Home..... 85
My Own United States..... 52
My Wild Irish Rose (Words) 91
Nearer, My God, To Thee.... 66
Nebraska Slogan Song..... 47
New England..... 48
New York District Song (Words) 52
Now Thank We All Our God 67
Now The Day Is Over..... 72
O Canada 57
O Come, All Ye Faithful.... 73
Oh, Didn't He Ramble..... 113
Oh My Darling Clementine... 109
Old Black Joe 95
Old Fashioned Garden (Words) 124
Old Folks At Home..... 83
Old Gray Mare, The (Words) 123
Old Oaken Bucket, The..... 87
O Little Town of Bethlehem 74
On A Sunday Afternoon (Words) 113
On The Banks of The Wabash (Words) 90
Onward, Christian Soldiers.. 66
Onward In Kiwanis (Words) 5
On, Wisconsin (Words)..... 52
Our Boys Will Shine Tonight 115
Peggy O'Neil (Words)..... 91
Perfect Day, A (Words)..... 122
Prairie Flower 117
Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow 67
Prayer of Thanksgiving..... 78
Quilting Party, The..... 86
Reuben and Rachel..... 119
Roamin' In The Gloamin' (Words) 90
Row, Row, Row Your Boat (Round) 119
Rule, Britannia 63
Scotland's Burning (Round).. 121
She Wears a Yellow Ribbon 122
Show Your "K" (Words).. 44
Sidewalks of New York, The (Words) 123
Sign of The K, The..... 10
Silent Night 73
Silver Threads Among The Gold 96
Sing Along (Words)..... 122
Smiles (Words)..... 123
Smilin' Through (Words).... 122
Solomon Levi 104
Song of Kiwanis, The..... 30
Soup Song 120
Spanish Cavalier, The..... 105
Spirit of Kiwanis, The..... 12
Star-Spangled Banner, The.. 54
Stars of The Summer Night.. 79
Stein Song (Words)..... 123
Sunrise and You (Words)... 124
Sweet Adeline (Words)..... 119
Sweet and Low..... 89
Sweet Genevieve 107
Sweet Rosie O'Grady (Words) 124
Tammany 114
Taps 93
That's Kiwanis (Words)..... 37
That's What Kiwanis Means. 28
The More We Get Together.. 31
There Are Times (Words)... 124
There's A Long, Long Trail (Words) 124
Three Blind Mice (Round)... 120
There Is A Tavern In The Town 108
Till We Meet Again (Words) 124
Together Kiwanis 34
Utah-Idaho District Song (Words) 51
Vive la Canadienne..... 9
Vocal Combat, A..... 105
Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie (Words) 113
We Build (Words)..... 35
We Come A Band of Brothers 26
Welcome Song 39
Welcome To Chicago..... 42
What's The Matter With——? 115
When Johnny Comes Marching Home 62
When You and I Were Young, Maggie 91
Where Do You Work-a, John? (Words) 120
Work, For The Night Is Coming 69
World Is Waiting For The Sunrise, The (Words)..... 122
Wukkin' On De Railroad.... 106
Yankee Doodle 62
You're In Kiwanis Now.... 33

Orchestral and band arrangements for many of the numbers in this book may be obtained from

KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL

Federal Reserve Bank Building 164 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

TACOMA KIWANIS CLUB

SONGS *of* KIWANIS

With Words and Music of
SONGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Originally Compiled by the
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Preface

THIS revised edition of SONGS OF KIWANIS is presented with deep appreciation and respect for the work of the original editor, Dr. Charles A. Gage, chairman of the International Committee on Music from 1920 to 1924. He was the pioneer on whom fell the brunt of the labor, and it is only because of new conditions and new demands that any changes are necessary.

The present editors have tried to make the book practical for the Kiwanians of today. They have eliminated all material that did not seem fairly sure of being sung on some occasion.

Wherever possible, the complete music is given, and the printing of certain songs with words alone is due entirely to restrictions of copyright. To the publishers, authors and composers who have given permission to use their property even within these limits, grateful acknowledgment is hereby made.

Acknowledgment is also made to Hall & McCreary Company for permission to use certain copyrighted texts and arrangements from The Golden Book of Favorite Songs and The Gray Book of Favorite Songs.

The chairman of the Kiwanis International Committee on Music wishes also to thank all those who have contributed to the practical work of preparing this book, and particularly the members of his committee: D. M. Swarthout, of Lawrence, Kansas; Foster Jones, of Grove City, Pennsylvania; John P. Hillis, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Hugo Kirchhoffer, of Los Angeles, California.

SIGMUND SPAETH.

April 15th, 1927.

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Foreword for Song Leaders

IT is now universally recognized in Kiwanis that music is one of the most important features of the program. The saying that "A singing club is a good club" has a most practical significance, as proved by experience. No matter how vital the other activities may be, the fact remains that the spirit of congeniality and good fellowship, which is the foundation of every club, finds its best and most natural expression in the common bond of music.

In general it may be said that Kiwanis clubs sing well. It is rare indeed that any organization cannot produce some good communal music. In many cases Kiwanis is represented by excellent glee clubs, quartets, bands and orchestras, and individual performers of merit are by no means lacking.

The average song leader, however, has some definite problems, to which he should give careful consideration from time to time, in order to secure the best possible results. Preferably there should be several men in each club capable of leading a song—certainly more than one. While a club may grow accustomed to the leadership of one man, it is well for him to experiment with others, so that he may always have a substitute ready when needed.

A song leader must be ready to sacrifice some of his luncheon, the same as a presiding officer. When it is his day to run the musical program, he might well arrange to eat previous to or later than the rest of the crowd, so as to have a clear field for his activities. It is also a good plan for the song leader to appoint one man at each table to see that his particular group does its share, heartily and enthusiastically.

There should never be any lack of song books or word sheets. The revised edition of SONGS OF KIWANIS is printed in two ways, with music for those who wish it (particularly leaders, pianists and quartet singers) and without music (but with complete words arranged in the same order) for members in general, who will thus be able to renew their song-books frequently, at small expense to the club.

Blank pages are provided so that any club may add the up-to-date songs or local parodies. Obviously such material cannot be included in the regular book, although, so far as possible, provision has been made for recognized district songs.

The detailed classification of all the numbers, particularly as regards their fitness for certain times of the year and special holidays, will be found most helpful. Song leaders should try always to include something of timely interest in their programs.

It is a good rule that no Kiwanis meeting be allowed to pass without a song of some kind, and this should not be restricted to the traditional patriotic number at the start (America or God Save the King). To secure the best results, a definite period of at least five and possibly ten minutes should be set aside for singing at each meeting, preferably just before the speaker is introduced. At that time the song leader can try for his best effects and also teach the club new and unfamiliar songs.

Singing during the progress of the meal is entirely feasible, but the leader should be careful to ask for co-operation only when most of the members are not actually eating, i.e., between courses. Even with the inevitable noise of waiters and dishes, one can do much with "gang songs" and the livelier, more obvious type of music.

At such times the best leader is the man who can secure attention by the size of his voice or the power of his personality. He does not have to be a musician. In fact, musical ability is almost the last point to be considered in the selection of an ideal song leader. If he has a good

singing voice, so much the better, and his sense of time should be accurate enough to keep the crowd together. But his beat need not be technically correct (although it is well to acquire the habit of beating down on the main accents) and his ability to inspire enthusiasm is after all the main thing.

A song leader should beware of the habit of using only "sure fire stuff," for this leads to monotony and eventual loss of interest. But it is well to start always with something that everybody knows. After general confidence has been established, experiments may be tried with less familiar material.

Every club program should contain at least one Kiwanis song. A wide variety of choice is offered in this new book, and every song printed is worthy of at least an occasional performance. A noteworthy feature is the section devoted to recognized district songs.

It would be foolish to lay down any hard and fast rules as to what kinds of songs a club can sing best. Some will prefer simple, rousing melodies in unison; others will wish to "harmonize;" still others will prefer "stunt" songs, with a strong element of humor. It is safe to say, however, that almost any group of men can sing better than they realize. Therefore, once more, Mr. Song Leader, don't set your standards too low. A beautiful old melody can be made to sound truly artistic even when interpreted by an average collection of everyday voices.

If the meeting has opened with a patriotic number, as it should, the regular singing period may best be started with a familiar Kiwanis song, followed by a popular tune of the "pep" type. Then, by way of contrast, try something of sustained beauty, with a chance for "close harmony." Here also a comparatively unknown song may be introduced and rehearsed. After that the singing can be brought to a close with a "stunt" or a local parody.

Get the habit of using a "How-Do-You-Do" chorus to greet the speaker of the day, and make use also of the "Welcome Song" for visiting Kiwanians. "You're In Kiwanis Now," to the familiar army tune, makes a new member feel at home, and if some immediate enthusiasm is needed, "The More We Get Together" and "I'd Rather Belong to Kiwanis" are recommended.

Be sure that the page or number of a song is clearly announced before you begin. Let the pianist play a few bars if necessary, but don't start till you have the attention of the crowd. Watch the singers and try to pick out any who are not doing their share. Let the shirkers sing a solo now and then to get over their modesty.

Don't be afraid to correct mistakes and to deliver constructive criticism when it is needed. But don't get the habit of fussing at your singers and belittling their efforts. A little encouragement helps more than any amount of fault-finding. The song leader's job is a distinct test of his disposition and his adaptability.

When your club contains good individual performers, give them a chance to "do their stuff" occasionally, and make every effort to discover new talent as the club continues to grow. Be sure that you are always well supplied with song books and word sheets, and don't be afraid to replace them when they have outlived their usefulness. A clean text, untattered and free from coffee stains, is an incentive to hearty, clean-cut singing.

May all Kiwanians continue to express themselves and their ideals with the constant inspiration and co-operation of good music!

SIGMUND SPAETH.

We Build

We Build for the ages, not merely to-day!
We Build for the Truth, which points us the way!

We Build for a Cause men fear to assail!
We Build in the Hope that Right will prevail!

We Build for a Manhood that's noble and just!
We Build with the Faith that "In God do we trust."

We Build with a Love that forgiveth the wrong!
We Build with fine Courage; go forth with a song.

We Build for the downtrodden; help him to rise;
We Build for the helpless with sorrowful eyes.

We Build to make cheerful and bright every life,
We Build to free men from meanness and strife.

We Build for KIWANIS, its power, its fame;
We Build that the world may honor the name.

ELTINGE ELMORE, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Onward In Kiwanis

(Tune: "Onward Christian Soldiers," Page 66)

1.

In Kiwanis banded, comes our mighty throng,
By the right commanded, many thousand strong;
Striving 'gainst the foeman in life's sordid wars,
See Kiwanis yeomen lead in duty's cause!

Chorus:
Onward in Kiwanis, firm the ranks and filled
With life's truest soldiers, men who work and build!

2.

In Kiwanis glory daily may be won;
Not in battle gory, but in work well done:
Service for one's neighbors, this to us be fame!
Vict'ry lies in labor; triumph in good name.

Chorus:
Forward in Kiwanis, men who work and build!
With the joy of serving let each heart be thrilled.

3.

May Kiwanis lead us to each brave ideal;
May the tasks that need us find us quick and leal;
For our God and nation, home and children, too,
Forward, then in consecration, where there's work to do.

Chorus:
Onward in Kiwanis, whither God has willed,
Hailing as our brothers all who work and build!

GEORGE SANFORD HOLMES

Kiwanis

L. J. K. — L. J. KALEY

Not too fast and with expression

mf — *rit.*

mf

Come all good fellows and work lay a-side, Come where good cheer and Kiwanis a-bide,

mf

Come now and sip of the good fel-low-ship that is wait - ing there.

f

mf

Come where the spirit fills all heart's de-sire, Come where good fellows to heights all aspire,

mf

Come now and hear in a song ringing clear on the blithe - some air:

f — *dim.*

Kiwanis — Continued

CHORUS *With good swing*

p–f

"Ki - wan - is! Ki - wan - is! Good fel-lows meet to - day. Ki-

p–f

cresc.

wan - is! Ki - wan - is! Drive all our cares a - way. Ki - wan -

f

cresc.

f

dim.

cresc.

.s! Ki - wan - is! Yours is the spir - it free, Ki - wan -

cresc.

f

ten.

1 2

is! Drown all our glooms in the deep blue sea. Oh! Ki - sea." —

f

ten.

dim.

I'd Rather Belong To Kiwanis

(Tune: "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow"-Page 111)

I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
Than any other Club.
Than any other Club,
Than any other Club,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
I'd rather belong to Kiwanis,
Than any other Club.

Builders

L. J. KALEY

Strict march time

1. A jol-ly good bunch of builders we,
2. There's never a job but we can do,

builders we, builders we; A merri-er lot you nev-er see, nev-er see, nev-er see. To
we can do, we can do; No matter how big it seems to you, seems to you, seems to you. It's

work and to play and boost affairs, boost affairs, boost affairs, Boost to the sky and no one cares,
all in the way we lay the bricks, lay the bricks, lay the bricks, All in the way the mortar sticks,

CHORUS

no one ev-er cares. For we are on-ly help-ing a-long the way,
Good-ness! how it sticks.

Mak-ing it just a lit-tle eas-i-er ev-'ry day To scat-ter sun-shine

ff

while we are making hay And boost, boost, boost ev-e-ry build - er.

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Vive la Canadienne!

Maestoso Solo 1st time, repeat as Chorus

f

Viv - e la Ca-na-dien - ne, Vol-e, mon cœur vo - le, Viv-
Long live our bright Ca-na-dian girl; (Fly my heart, oh, fly to her!) Long

Fine.

e la Ca-na - dien - ne; Et ses jo-lis yeux doux.
live our bright Ca - na-dian girl, With eyes so soft and sweet.

D.C.

Et ses jo-lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo-lis yeux doux.
With eyes so soft and sweet, sweet, sweet, With eyes so soft and sweet.

The Sign Of The K

E. L. WRIGHT

PAUL NIXON

March tempo

f

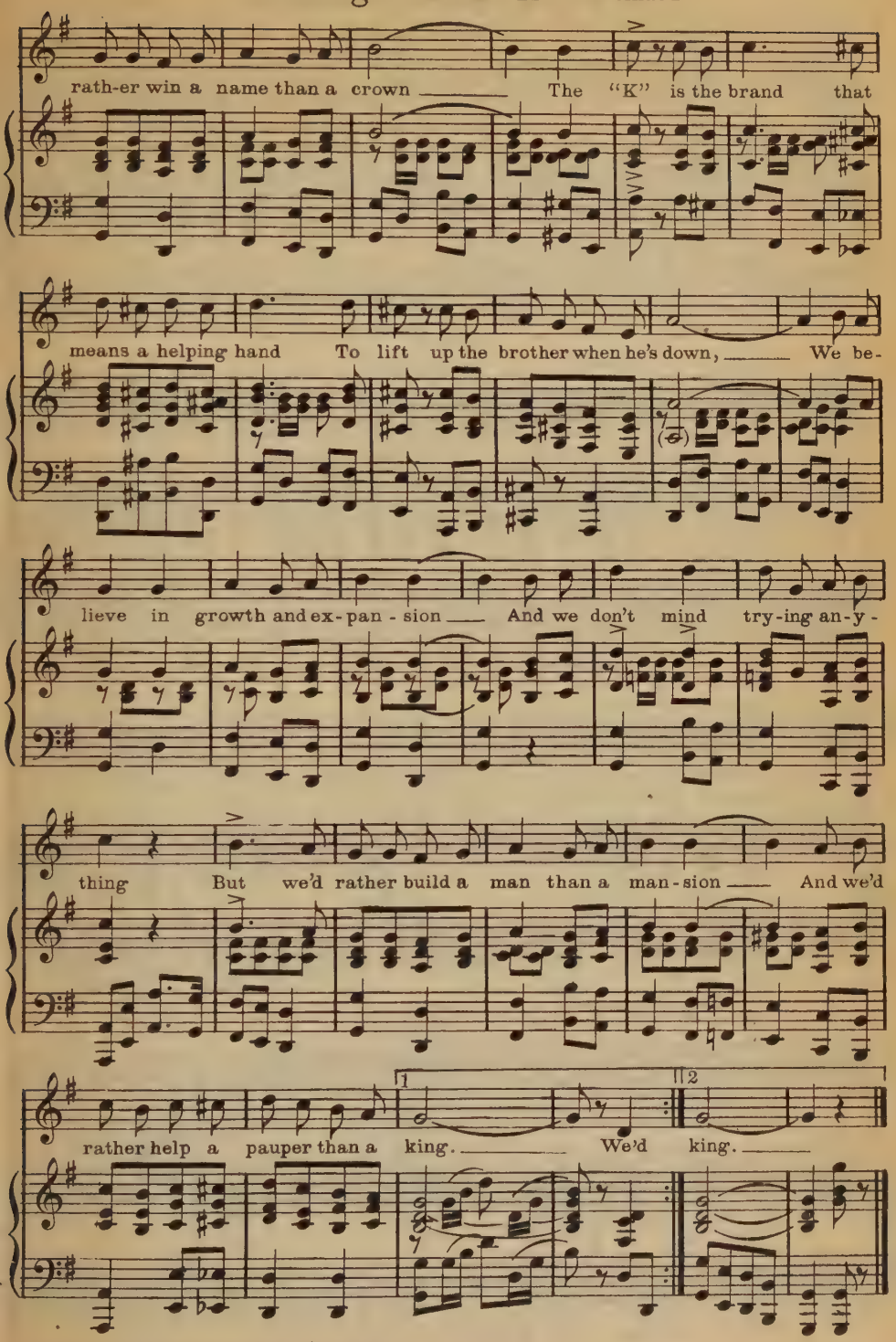
1. We are met on the ground of a com - mon cause Just to serve and to build, not de - stroy, For we
2. There is time for fun in this good old world There are times when we don't care to smile O, but

know that the girl is our price - less pearl, And the na-tion's great wealth is the
whether it's a grin or a lift of the chin, There is good fel low - ship all the

CHORUS

boy. We'd
while. We'd rather build a man than a man - sion We'd

f



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The Spirit Of Kiwanis

WILLIAM V. BOTTOM

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Majestically

mf

1. An-oth-er week has passed away, And here we meet a-
2. We love the dear old Golden Rule, We're here to prove it

ff *fz* *fz* *fz* *sfz*

gain, In spir-it of true Brotherhood, Good-will toward ev-'ry man. With
works; When called up-on to lend a hand We're not a gang of shirks. We

mp *mf*

love and kind-ness in our hearts, With ha-tred cast a-side, We
stand for all that's best in life, We've left all glooms out-side, Good

build the ver-y best we can, With Kiwan-is for our guide.
fel-low-ship's our watch-word here, And Kiwan-is is our guide.

CHORUS

For thee, our dear Ki - wan - is, The club we love so well; A

loy - al band we ev - er stand, Thy spir - it in us dwells; We

strive to live the Gold - en Rule, With joy our hearts are filled, And

day by day, in ev - 'ry way, We build, we build, we build!

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Kiwanis "We Build"

Dedicated to the Kiwanis Club of Savannah, Ga.

JOHN Y. DYER

BLINN OWEN

From

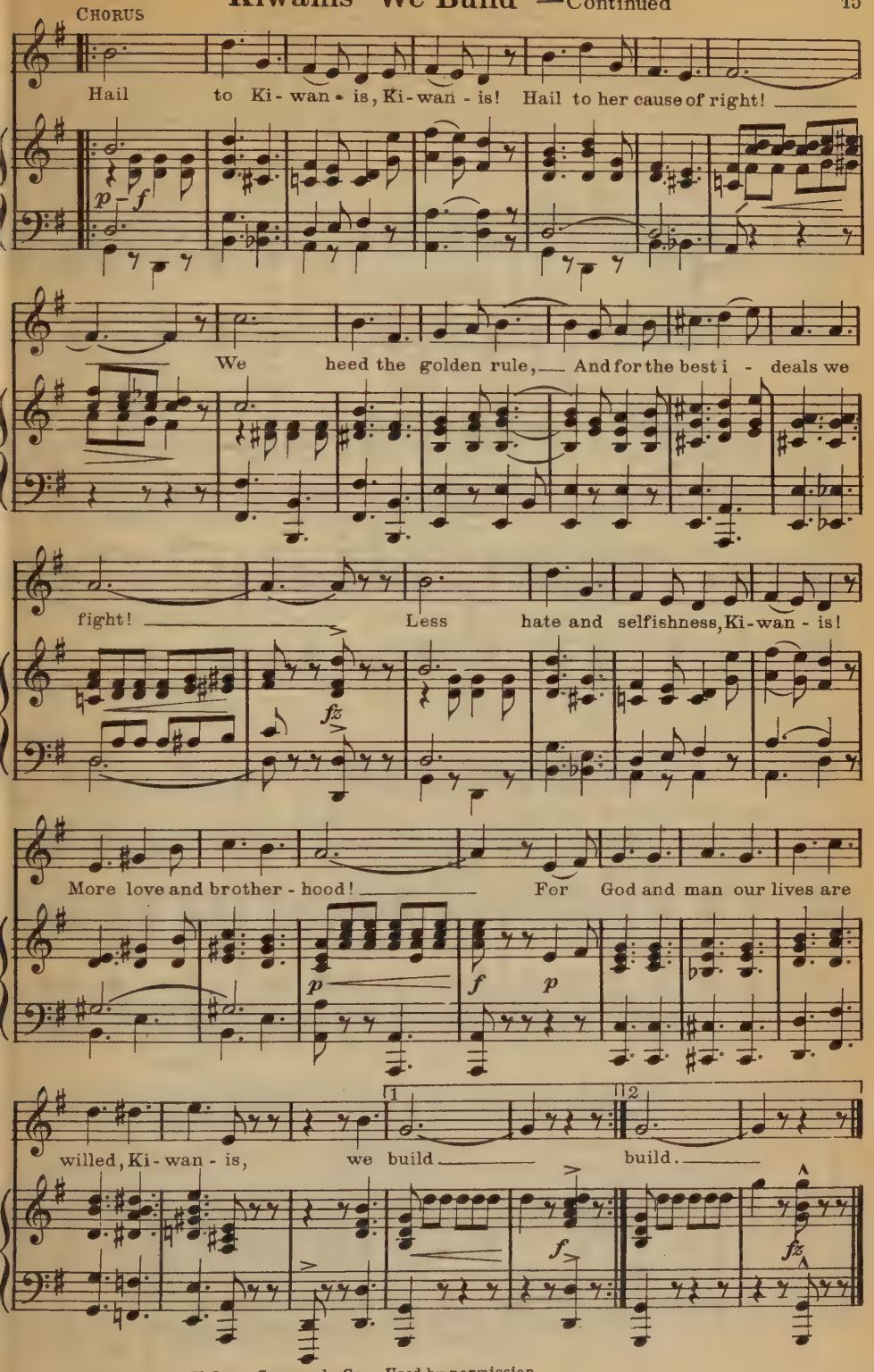
Marcia

north to south from east to west Ki-wan-is is o'er the land — Her cause is right her

p

aims are best. Ki-wan - is, Ki - wan - is! And so we smile and serve and sing with

faith in God and man And let our voices loudly ring, Kiwanis. —



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"I'll Sing Of Kiwanis"

W. B. MILLARD — CARL A. PREYER

In March Time

1. Ki - wan - is is the name that fills my soul with pride, It stands for brotherhood, thro' earthly time and tide: Ki - wan - is keeps us true in all we say or do, I'll ev - er sing of Ki -
2. Ki - wan - is' prin - ci - ples have shaped a no - ble guild, It stands for e - qui - ty, its mot - to is "We build", Ki - wan - is spreads the scope of love and faith and hope, I'll ev - er sing of Ki -

CHORUS

wan - is, Ki - wan - is "We build".
wan - is, Ki - wan - is "We build".
Ki - wan - is, ring from

sea to sea, A bond of love 'twixt you and me; Its truth I'll ev-er own, In

f *mf*

market place or home, I'll ev-er sing of Ki-wan-is, Ki-wan-is, ring from

f *mf*

sea to sea, A bond of love 'twixt you and me, Its truth I'll ev-er own, In

market place or home I'll ev-er sing of Ki-wan-is. wan-is.

f 8va

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Kiwanis Ideals

(First Prize Song)

MARY HURON BLAIR — GALE CAMERON

Marcato

1. The high - est good in broth - er - hood Is sought for in Ki -
2. In busi - ness clean no trick - ing mean We teach it in Ki -
3. To serve, to love, Where e'er men move We seek this in Ki -

wan-is. Our na-tion's best with none oppress'd We strive for in Ki-wan - is.
wan-is. To serve our best meet ev-'ry test We learn it in Ki-wan - is.
wan-is. To hon - or God and live his Word The pur-pose of Ki-wan - is.

CHORUS

Come join hands and shout the cho - rus, Borne from sea to sea,

Ris-ing to the heav-ens o'er us, Where e'er men may be.

Shout it, breathe it, live it, do it, For Ki - wan - is men have will'd

broadly

Shame that an - y man should rue it! For God and man We Build.

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Kiwanis Aims

Dedicated to the Officers and Members of Kiwanis International
Summarizing the Objects of Kiwanis

A.M.D. *Moderato e ben marcato* ALFRED M. DURHAM

mf

1. Ki - wan - is aims at high i - deals, In build - ing it ex -
2. The liv - ing of the Gold - en Rule In busi - ness ev - 'ry
3. En - dur - ing friend-ships form and keep, And al - tru - is - tic

mf

cresc.

cels; To men of vi - sion it ap - peals, To no - ble work im -
day, And high- est standards e'er main-tain In ev - 'ry walk and
be; Build bet - ter towns wher - e'er men live; This task for you and

cresc.

mp *cresc.*

pels. It gives first place to hu - man weal, And tends to lift men
way; It plants the love of coun - try deep In ev - 'ry hu - man
me. Keep sound o - pin - ion's ban - ner high, In right-eous-ness in -

mp *cresc.*

f *broadly*

up A - bove the sordid things of earth, From such to fill life's cup.
soul, To serve each oth-er and all men: This is its aim and goal.
crease, Be pa - tri - ot - ic, just and true, To all good-will and peace.

f *broadly*

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Marching Along

F.L.H. *Tempo di Marcia*

FRED LINCOLN HILL

Ki - wan - is stands for all that's good, For all that's right and true. It

stands for love and broth - er - hood, For friend - ship that's true blue. "We

Build," we serve, with joy - ous hea.t, Our town, our state, our na - tion, For our

old home - town we will do our part; It's the best town in cre - a - tion.

Marching Along—Continued

CHORUS

Marching a - long, boys, marching a - long, All in Ki-wan-is, marching a-

long, With our flags unfurl'd and our members all in line, Shoulder to shoulder in

comrade-ship so fine; Marching a - long, boys, marching a - long. Our

work is to build for to - mor-row, Show the boys and girls, to-day, How to

work and how to play, Now is the time we're all in line, Marching a - long.

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Kiwanis Friendship

S.S. SIGMUND SPAETH

Go search ev - ry ci - ty small and great, Thro'- out all our na - tive

f

land You'll find a gath-'ring soon or late Of one lit - tle friend-ly band; They

mf

make no claim to wealth or fame, With work their lives are fill'd,

f

Friend-ship in ser-vice is their aim, Their mot - to is: "We Build."

f

cresc.

Kiwanis Friendship—Continued

CHORUS

f

Ki - wan - is, Ki-wan - is, hear the build - ers' call! Ki -

f

wan - is, Ki-wan-is, in - spir-ing one and all! Ki - wan-ians ev - er shall be true and

cresc.

loyal to the core, U - ni - ted in the last-ing bonds of friendship ev - er-more!

rit.

ff

rit.

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I'm Crazy 'Bout Kiwanis

(Offical Song, Capital Kiwanis District)

R. E. TURNER
Norfolk, Va.

Con spirito

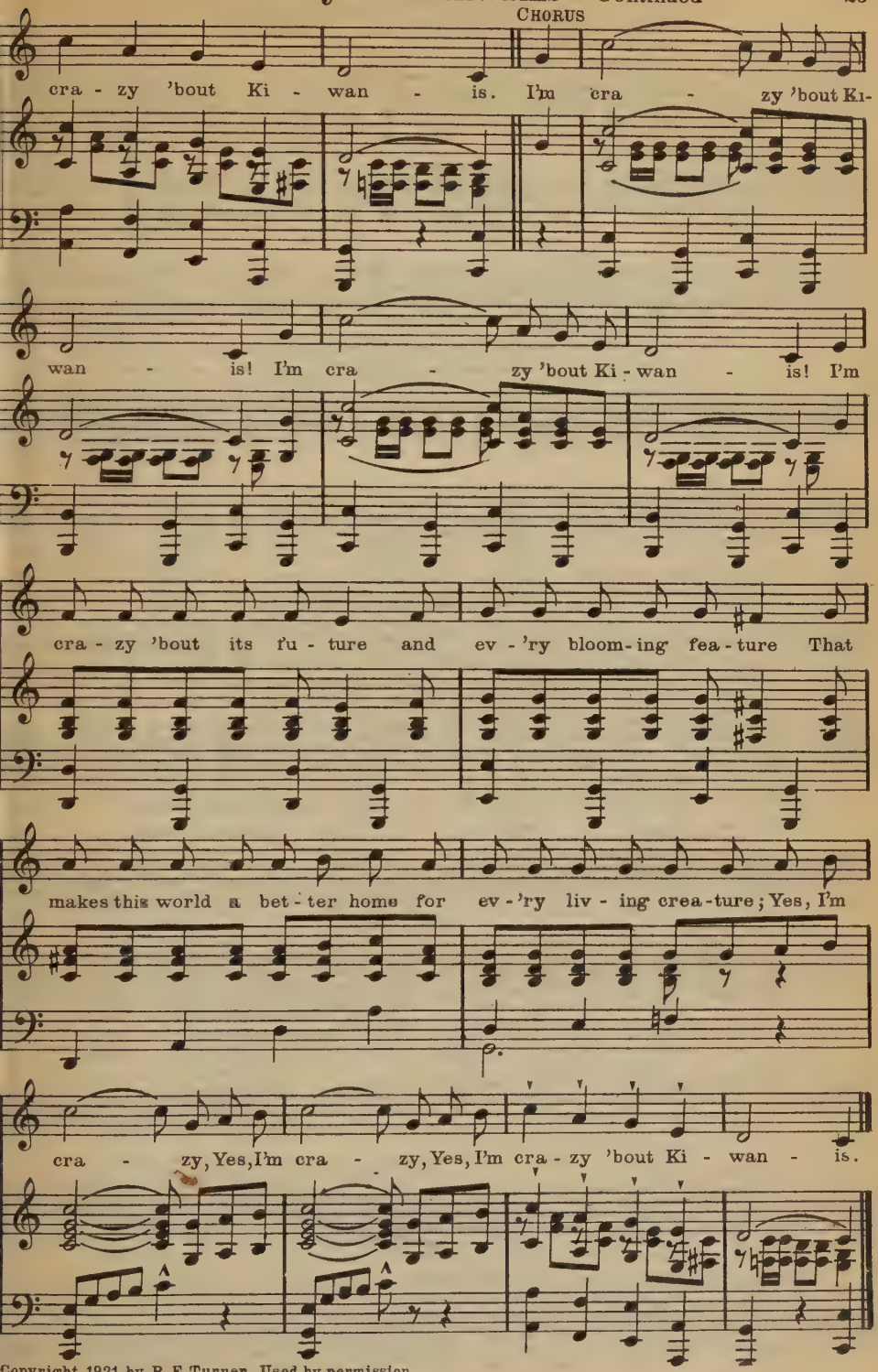
f

1. I'm cra-zy 'bout Ki-wan-is, its spir-it and its plan, I'm cra-zy 'bout the
2. I'm cra-zy 'bout Ki-wan-is and the rec-ord it has made, I'm cra-zy 'bout its

fel-lows, the mem-bers of the Clan; Its man-y thou-sand mem-bers, in
luncheons, and what is done and said; I'm cra-zy 'bout its pres-ent, I'm

friend-ship tied to-geth-er, Will make this world a bet-ter home for ev-'ry liv-ing
cra-zy 'bout its fu-ture, I'm cra-zy 'bout the things it does and ev-'ry blooming

creature; Yes, I'm cra - zy, Yes, I'm cra - zy, Yes, I'm
feature; Yes, I'm cra - zy, Yes, I'm cra - zy, Yes, I'm



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We Come A Band Of Brothers

EDGAR C. ELLIS — CHARLES A. GAGE

We come a band of broth-ers gay, With songs of joy and mirth; To
We build for friend-ship tried and true, And fill each heart with cheer, In

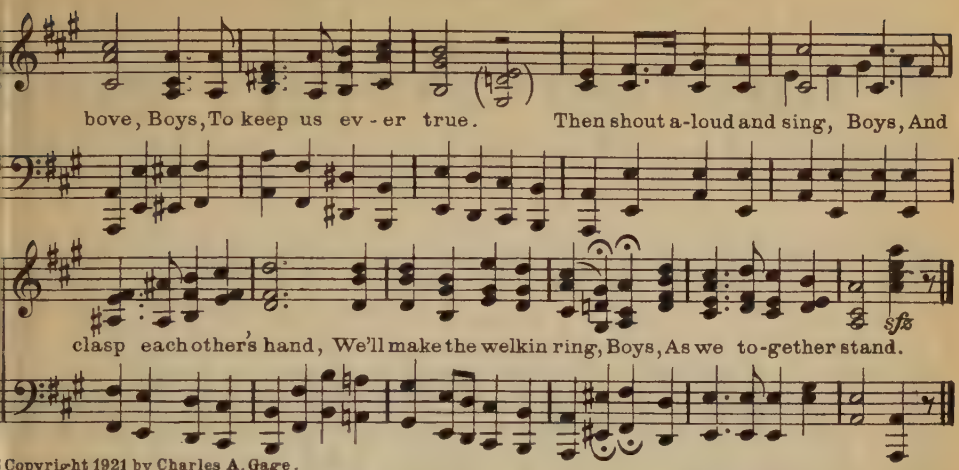
hail with love and loy - al - ty The land that gave us birth. And
right we strive to dare and do, And serve with-out a fear. We

while we're gather'd here to-day Let toil and care go free, And
hold our precepts ev - er dear Nor shirk our brother's need, We

prove by heart-y fel - low-ship Our true fra-ter - ni - ty.
hail Ki-wan-is far and near And live by word and deed.

CHORUS

Here's to the flag we love, Boys, With field of azure blue, Bright as the stars a-



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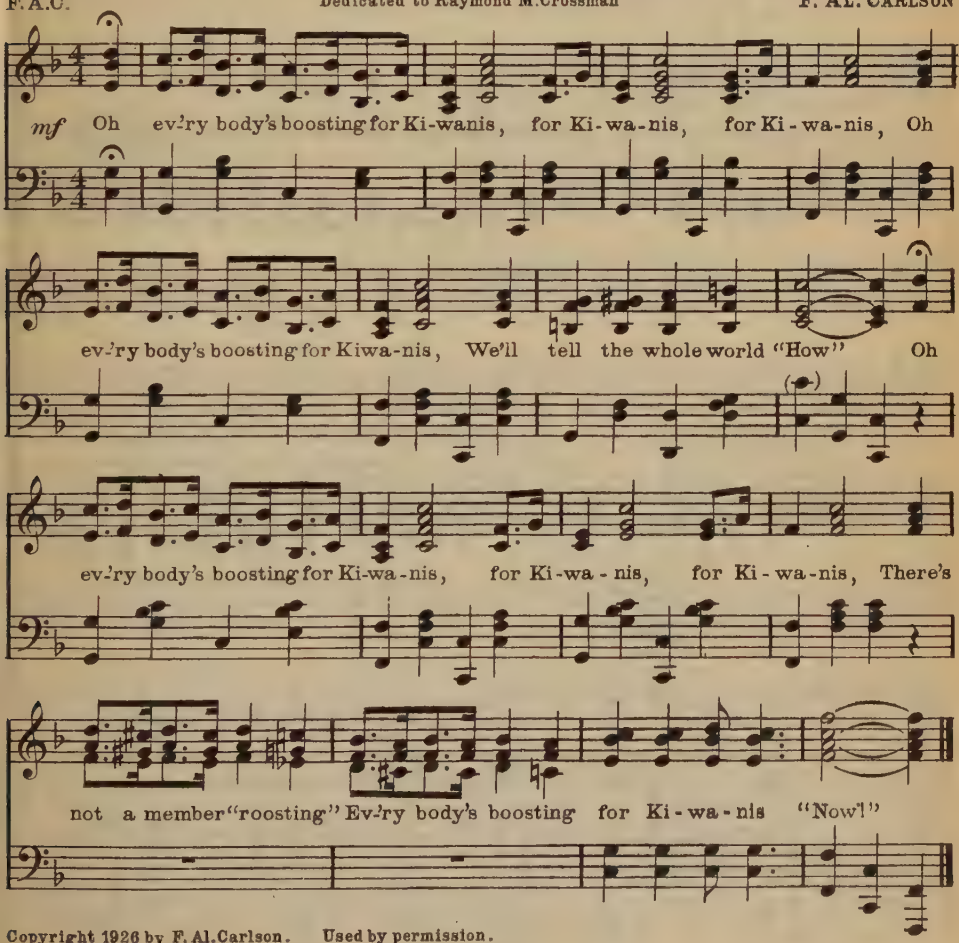
Kiwanis Booster Song

F. A. C. Dedicated to Raymond M. Crossman F. AL. CARLSON



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That's What Kiwanis Means

(Dedicated to the Kiwanis Club of Forest Park, Ill.)

RAY HIBBELER and
WALTER W. L. MEYER

Moderato

f

1. Now gath-er 'round me, bus'ness men, With methods true and clean, And let us give the pledge again We
2. Since we be-gan our great crusade This earth has bled and sighed, But now a bet-ter world's been made Be-

p

made back in fif-teen. Give ev-ry man his chance to shine In bus'ness that should grow, The need is great, don't hes-i-tate, But let the whole world know.
cause we tru-ly tried. To-geth-er we can calm-ly face What future holds in store, Be on the go, and let folks know The things that we stand for.

That's What Kiwanis Means—Continued

CHORUS

Slow

Ki - wan - is, "Do-ers of good," Ki - wan - is, real brother-hood, Just

p–f

bus'ness men u - nit - ed, So wrongs are quickly right - ed. In ev - 'ry

part of the land Ki - wan - is helps and cleans. Boost your town, your com-

pet - i - tor, too, Then boost some more when you get thru,

1 2

That's what Ki - wan - is means. Ki - means.

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The Song Of Kiwanis

(Second Prize Song)

WILL R. HILL — NEVIN GAYE

Moderato

1. There's a
2. Build - ing
3. We're a

mf *p*

name to me most dear, It is Ki - wan - is, It is Ki - wan - is, There's a
for the fu - ture years, That is Ki - wan - is, That is Ki - wan - is, Bring - ing
grand u - ni - ted throng It is Ki - wan - is, It is Ki - wan - is, Build - ing

cresc. *p*

call I love to hear, It's from Ki-wanis, Ki-wan-is. There's a place I'm proud to
smiles where once were tears, That is Ki-wan-is, Ki-wan-is. Lend-ing all a help-ing
with a pur-pose strong, In our Ki-wan-is, Ki-wan-is. Far a-bove a-bound-ing

cresc. *mf* *f* *mf*

be Where a common sym-pa - thy Lives in true fraterni - ty, It is Ki-
hand, Loy-al to our na-tive land, Firm-ly to-geth-er we stand, In our Ki-
greed Or the se-gre-gat-ed creed Stands the firm u-ni-ted deed Of our Ki-

The Song Of Kiwanis — Continued

CHORUS

wan-is, Ki-wan-is. Ki-wan-is: Ki-wan-is: Thy praises I will sing, Ki-

wan-is: Ki-wan-is: Come make the welkin ring, Ki-wan-is: Ki-wan-is: With

pride my heart is filled, While shouting thy mot-to; Ki-wan-is, "We Build."

The More We Get Together

The more we get together, Kiwanis, Kiwan-is, The more we get together, the happier we'll be. For

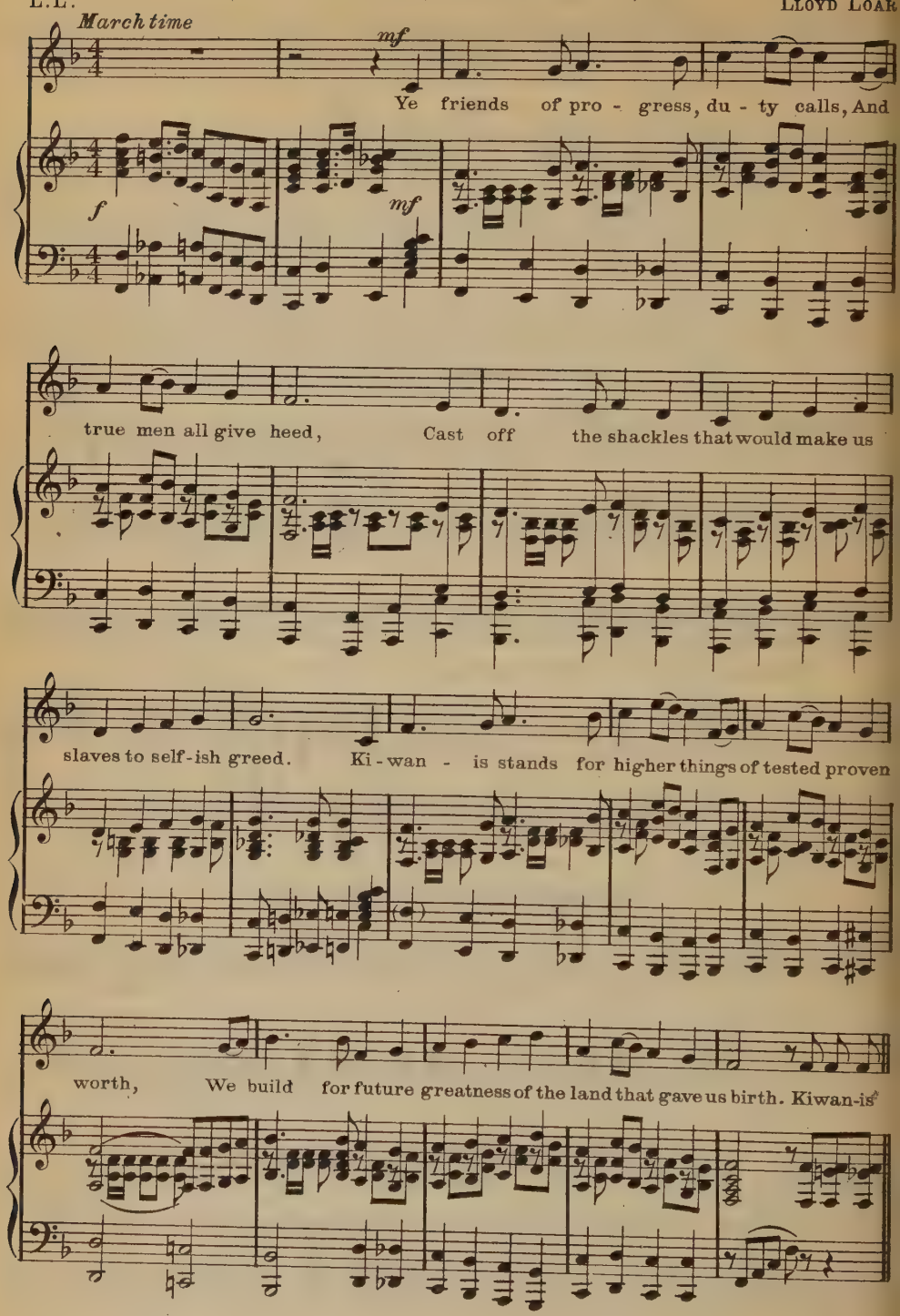
your friends are my friends And my friends are your friends, The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

Kiwanis Lives

To Irving G. Dierdorff, President Boston Kiwanis, 1926

L. L.

LLOYD LOAR



CHORUS

builds — a smoother path-way By which man-kind can mount; A

sense — of truer val - ue, For things that real-ly count. Ki-wan - is

builds — good-will and friend-ship, The pride a-chieve-ment gives. True

build - ers those, whose action shows Ki - wan - is Lives. —

You're In Kiwanis Now

You're in Kiwanis now, Stand upon your feet and bow You're gonna have fun, You son of a gun, You're in Kiwanis now.

Together Kiwanis

Dedicated to Bruce N. Tappan

E. S. S. Jr.

EDWARD S. SNOVER, Jr.

We

f

ad-vertise to all the world this mes - sage true, There's opportu - ni-

ty In our com - mu - ni - ty, It is a pleasant du - ty ev - 'ry

one can do To help our cit - y gain its proper place.

Together Kiwanis—Continued

CHORUS

To - geth-er, Ki - wa - nis, with vig-or con-cen-trate, To boost for our cit - y Let's make that cit-y great! Let's tell it and sell it to ev-ry one we meet: Where e'er we go let's talk a-bout our cit - y.

We Build

(Tune: "Dartmouth Touch Down Song")

Come, stand up men and sing Kiwanis,
Extend the hand of friendship true,
In our song of great Kiwanis
Let them hear our motto, too!
Yea, "We Build."
Live and act Kiwanis
And let the world all feel;
SERVICE, FRIENDSHIP, KIWANIS
Make for lives of high ideal.

Boost Kiwanis

(Tune: "On, Wisconsin")

Key of G

Boost Kiwanis, Boost Kiwanis,
Boost it every day.
Boost Kiwanis and our home town;
Boost it every way.
Boost Kiwanis, Boost Kiwanis,
Boost, and never stop.
Boost, Brothers, Boost, and we will
be on top.

J. L. S.

Build! Build! Build!

Dedicated to Kiwanis International

J. L. SMITH
Tujunga, Cal.

Ki - wan - is In - ter - na-tion - al builders, builders we, Here's

to our Brothers ev - 'ry one, No mat - ter where they be; A -

way down south in the land of cot - ton, Or Can - a - da's fair do - main, In

east or west you'll find the best, And ser - vice is our aim.

CHORUS

★ "My Coun - try 'Tis of Thee" Is the song Ki - wan - ians sing, When we

pledge al-le-giance to our flag, What joy to each heart it brings, — We

strive to be bet-ter cit - i - zens, Good deeds, good tho'ts in-still'd, — Ki -

wan - is In - ter - na - tion - al, we build, build, build.

★ Note: Canadian Clubs substitute the words "God Save Our Gracious King" for "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

That's Kiwanis

Tune: "Just A Love Nest"
(Key of E Flat)

Just a handclasp, greeting sincere,
Just a "Hello, glad that you're here,"
Just a song or two when all good fellows dine,
And a comradeship that sparkles like old wine
Just to hearken once in a while,
To a message touched with a smile,
Just a helping hand to toilers by the way,
That's Kiwanis, we're building today.

Men Of Kiwanis

Tune: "Moonlight And Roses"
(Key of G)

Men of Kiwanis
In fellowship meet we today,
Strong are the friendships
Which bind us along life's way,
Mem'ries shall linger
Of happy hours passed here with you,
May all our fond dreams,
As "Builders," come true.

Jolly Bunch Song

D. L. H.

D. LaVerne Herman
Warsaw, N.Y.

We're a jol - ly bunch of Ki-Ki-Ki-Ki - wan - is,

We've a hunch that no one else has got it on us As our motto

reads "We Build" Don't fall down on that, Let's go do it, we'll not rue it,

We must all stand pat, Yeah! Lots of pep is all the style in Ki-Ki -

sffz

wan - is. Play the game and make the name worth while,

Jolly Bunch Song—Continued

When we work or play Let's make good each day,

We're a jol - ly bunch of Ki - Ki - Ki - Ki - wan - is.

sffz

Welcome Song

(For Visiting Kiwanians)

Our welcome Kiwanians, to you, It's Hel-lo and How-do-you-do?

Glad to see you, and how be you? Have you heard any-thing new? We're

hap-py that you can be here, To join in our friendly good cheer. So,

an - y time you're com-ing thro' Our wel-come, Ki-wanians, to you.

Building Kiwanis Fame

(Affectionately dedicated to Henry Pfromm)

B. W. Roberts
Pitman, N.J.

Tempo di Marcia

f *ff* *rit.*

Build, build, build-ing Ki-wan-is Fame, We are here to work for Ki - wan - is.

a tempo *ff*

★Name of city may be substituted

Build, build, build-ing our cit-y's★ name, We are ev - er striv-ing for Ki - wan - - is.

mf

Ser - vice, ser-vice is our aim, Ser-vice to all a - round us.

pp *ff*

Build, build, build-ing Ki-wan-is Fame, For God and Man we build Ki - wan- -is!

rit.

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As A Mighty Host

L.C.S.

EVA LOU C. STEPHENSON

1. As a might-y host we're ad-vanc-ing For the cause of truth and right,
2. O'er the broad ex-panse of the na-tion, Proudly rings our marching song,

That men ev'ry-where, 'neath the flag we bear May know the joy of Freedom's light.
And a fear-less band o-ver this fair land We'll ev-er strive to right the wrong.

CHORUS

Hail, all hail, to Ki-wan-is, Its champions we'll ev-er be,

(will be)

Hail, all hail, to Ki-wan-is, Let ev-'ry heart be fill'd with loyal-ty,

Pledge a-new to Ki-wan-is, The best of our man-hood give;

Live for Kiwan-is, Work for Kiwan-is, True to God and man, We Build.

(we build.)

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Welcome To Chicago

AMBROSE WYRICK — ALBERT HEILMAN

Wel-come to Chi - ca - go, Fel - low Ki - wanians, All Chi-ca-go's glad to meet you, mighty glad you came. We are here to serve you, Like true Kiwanians We ex-tend our hospi-tal-i-ty, And hope you'll come a-gain.

Keep It Booming

Tune: "Artillery Song" (Key of D)

Day by day, ev'ry way,
We get better as we play.
As Kiwanis goes building along;
In and out, hear us shout,
As we help the kiddies out,
As Kiwanis goes building along.

CHORUS:

Then it's Hi Hi! Hee!
With a heart chock-full of glee;
Sound out your laughter loud and strong,
Wher'er you go, let the people know,
That Kiwanis goes booming along.
(Shout) KEEP IT BOOMING!
And Kiwanis goes booming along.

Men who work, men who serve,
Men who really have the nerve,
Keep Kiwanis a-building along.
Every day in the year,
Kindly deeds and words of cheer
Keep Kiwanis a-building along.

(Chorus)

Kiwanis Comrade Song

Tune: "Funiculi" (Page 101)

Some say Kiwanians meet to feed their faces,
And sing a song, and sing a song;
Some say they only fill their table places,
But that is wrong, but that is wrong
For we can show the world that we are workers,
With purpose true, with purpose true,
And prove that we are anything but shirkers,
Whate'er we do, whate'er we do.

CHORUS:

Comrades, comrades, all together sing,
For Kiwanis let the chorus ring!
Kiwanis here, Kiwanis there, Kiwanis everywhere to-day,
Boost and build Kiwanis all the time in ev'ry way.

Kiwanis Pledge Song

W. M. C.

W. M. CLARK

1. We have come a-gain Ki-wan-is, To the shrine that al-ways cheers; To the joy that turns to laughter, Our sor-rows and our tears, And we greet thee, dear Ki-wan-is, With the old love ev-er new, That with loy-al hearts and voi-ces, We pledge again to you!

2. To the God of all our na-tions, Our al-le-gience we will lend; To our coun-try, born in free-dom, With the blessings that at-tend; To thee belov'd Ki-wan-is, With the ser-vice spirit free, We will pledge a-gain, with gladness, Our last-ing loy-al-ty!

CHORUS

We hail thee now Kiwanis, And we pledge our faith a-new; We will love and serve thee ever, With loyal hearts and true! Each task we'll take up gladly, And do it as is will'd, In the spir-it of the watch-words, "Ki-wanis" and "We Build!" is will'd,

Kiwanis Gang Song

Hail, hail,— the gang's all here, Boost-ing for Ki-
wan - is, Boost-ing for Ki - wan - is; Hail, hail,— the
gang's all - here, Boost-ing for Ki - wan - is now! sffz

Show Your "K"

Tune: "Round Her Neck She Wears A Yellow Ribbon."
(Key of D)

On his coat he wears a little button
He wears it in the Winter and the
Summer so they say,
If you ask him why the decoration,
He'll say it's for Kiwanis and he's
proud to show his "K".

Show your "K", show your "K",
If you're stayin' home or goin' far away;
On his coat he wears a little button,
If you love Kiwanis you'll be proud
to show your "K".

Kiwanis Smile Song

Tune: "John Brown's Body"
(Key of B Flat)

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
If ever you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to
s-m-i-l-e.

Other verses substituting following:
G-r-i-n Grin
G-i-Giggle-e
L-a-u-g-h
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

K-K-Kiwanis

Tune: "K-K-K-Katy"
(Key of D)

Ki-Ki-Kiwanis, lovely Kiwanis,
You're the only k-k-k-klub that I adore.
When it's n-n-noon time at the k-klub room.
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-klub room door.

ADD HERE

Other Kiwanis Songs popular in your club.

Hail West Virginia

FRED B. DEEM — EARL MILLER and ED. MCWHORTER

CHORUS

It's West Vir-gin-ia, it's West Vir-gin-ia, The pride of ev-'ry moun-tain-

eer; Come on, Ki-wanians, join with Kiwanians, It's West Virgin-ia now we

cheer! Now is the time, boys, to make a big noise, No matter what the people say, For there is

naught to fear, the gang's all here, So hail to West Virgin-ia, hail.

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Nebraska Slogan Song

L. B.

LEON BEERY

Ne - bras - ka, Ne - bras - ka, You are the state for me, Ne-

bras - ka, Ne - bras - ka, That's where I long to be. Our

pledge shall be for loy - al - ty, For friend-ship staunch and true, Though

far I stray, I'll be back some day, Ne - bras - ka, I'm all for you.

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New England

Offical District Song

C.E.B. C.E.BILLINGS

1. Old New Eng-land's the place of the great Yan - kee race, And the land of the
2. As the years pass a - way as they have in our day, And thro'-out all the

Pil - grim's pride Old Bun-ker Hill is stand - ing still, Where our
years to be, Our Yan-kee Land will al - ways stand At the

he - roes fought and died. With our wond'rous coast of which we can
front in his - to - ry. While our men may fight and rise in their

boast Where there's coun - try, shore and sea It is Home,
might Yet when bat - tle con - flicts cease, It is Home,

Old Sweet Home, That's all, the on - ly spot on earth to be.
Old Sweet Home, They seek to live a - gain in love and peace.

New England—Continued

REFRAIN

In this land of the free, There is one place to be And they call it

Old New Eng-land (New Eng-land) with its rocks and its rills And

great Berk-shire Hills A day-light scene of dream-land (of dream-land) With the

val-leys of green That for miles can be seen With their sil - v'ry

lakes in - laid ——— You can look the coun - try o - ver And

see the fields of clo-ver But there's on-ly one New Eng-land made. *ff*

Ped. *

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Kansas Song

Abdallah

CARSON J. ROBISON
and JACK RILEY

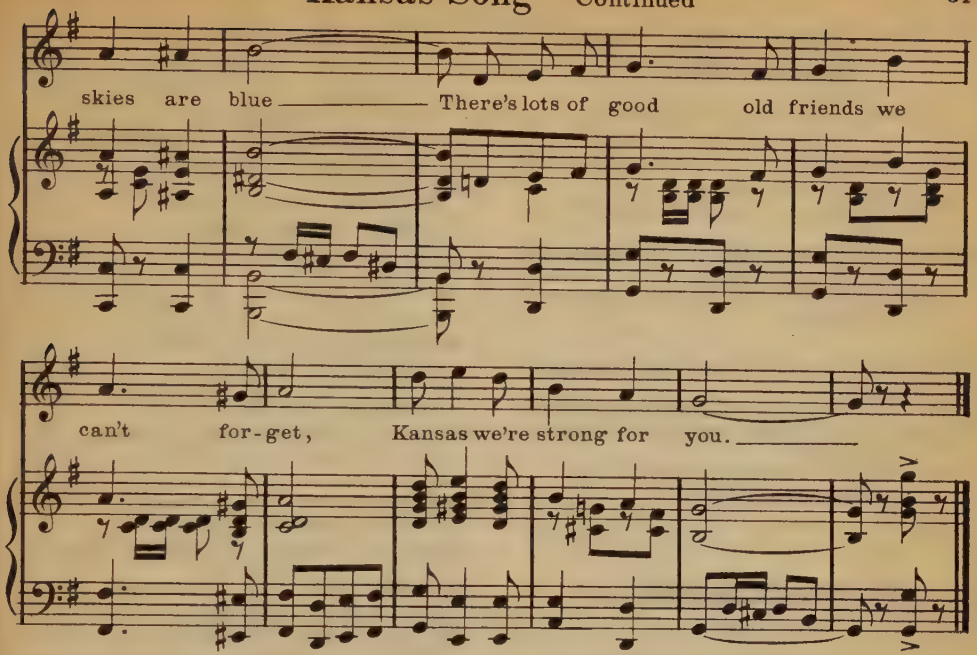
CHORUS

We're from Kan-sas, good old Kan-sas where the great big

sun - flow'rs grow _____ Oh the girls are pret-ty and

when you see their smiles, You know the rea-son why we'd walk a thousand

miles, Back to Kan-sas, good old Kan-sas, Where the



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Utah-Idaho District Song

(Tune: "Utah Man")

We love our Utah-Idaho and her fine Kiwanis men,
We're out to do the best we can — to build,
and plan, and pen,
And we'll make the mountains ring with
praise for all Kiwanis does,
For we're going to keep the folks alive and
make Kiwanis BUZZ!

CHORUS:

Utah-Ida, Utah-Idaho,
Sing and shout it
Utah-Idaho, rah, rah!
We're on the map, we'll tell you that,
We'll make Kiwanis go,
And thrill the mountain tops with joy,
At seeing men work so,
With our own "We Build" we'll do it,
And we never will lie low,
For Kiwanis in old U and I
Is always on the GO!

I-I District Harmony Song

(Tune: "Stein Song")

We're from ILLINOIS
And EASTERN IOWA
Where Kiwanis Spirit Grows.
In CONVENTION
We like to mention
We are "up and on our toes."
And we all work together
With strong hearts and lungs of leather
For the AYE — AYE of IOWA
Is the AYE of ILLINOIS.

Hi-Ho The Merrio

Ontario-Quebec District Song
(Tune: "Hi-Ho The Merrio")

I wake up each morning singing merrily,
Hi-Ho the Merrio, for I'm a Kiwanee!
I can laugh at troubles, I'm as happy as
can be,
Hi-Ho the Merrio, for I'm a Kiwanee!
Just like the rooster I keep crowin',
Kiwanis started something and it's got
me goin'.
Bring on all your troubles, bring 'em C.O.D.
Hi-Ho the Merrio, for I'm a Kiwanee!

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Hail Kiwanis

(Tune: "Hail To California")

Ha-il, Kiwanis, Inter-national,
Long may her banner float o'er hill and
vale,
Rally-ing 'round her standard we will
never fail,
Kiwanis, Inter-national, Hail! Hail! Hail!

Ha-il, Kiwanis, fellow-ship o'er all,
Building together, ready to heed the call,
Ever thus united, greed and doubt assail,
Ki-wanis, Builders We, Hail! Hail! Hail!

Ha-il, Kiwanis, greetings from afar,
Kindred in spirit, service our guiding
star,
Rocky crags inspire us, we will sure
prevail,
Ki-wanis, California, Hail! Hail! Hail!

New York District Song (Empire State)

(Tune: "The Bells of St. Mary's")

(Key of E Flat)

New York State, our home state, we love it so dearly,
From mountain to ocean, Kiwanis is found.
There's no place where sun shines so brightly and clearly
As in New York where fellowship and joy abound.

The years make Kiwanis and homeland seem dearer,
Our faith is eternal, it does not abate.
Our aim is to make men grow nearer and nearer.
Our friendship true we give to you, in New York State.

My Own United States

(Key of G)

I love ev'ry inch of her prairie land,
Ev'ry stone on her mountain side;
I love ev'ry drop of the water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide.
I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass,
Within Columbia's gates!
The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
My own United States.

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Carolina Song

(Tune: "Artillery Song")

(Key of D)

Men who work, men who serve,
Men who really have the nerve,
Keep Kiwanis abuilding along.
Ev'ry day in the year,
Kindly deeds and words of cheer
Keep Kiwanis abuilding along.

Chorus:

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hep!
Carolina's full of pep,
Sound out your laughter loud and strong
Where'er you go, let the people know,
That Kiwanis goes booming along.
Carolina!
And Kiwanis goes booming along.

Day by day, ev'ry way,
We get better as we play,
As Kiwanis goes building along;
In and out, hear us shout,
As we help the kiddies out,
As Kiwanis goes building along.

On, Wisconsin

(Key of G)

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Grand old Badger state!
Ye, thy loyal sons and daughters
Hail thee good and great.
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Champion of the right!
"Forward"! our motto.
We will win the fight.

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Dost thou hear that call?
Marsh'ling thee to noble duty
In the fight for all.
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Battle for the right.
With thy noble standard flying
God will give thee might.

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
In the cause for right.
We, thy children, all uphold thee
In thy glorious might.
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Honored be thy name.
Serve, Badgers, serve, and so
Add to her fame.

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Michigan, My Michigan

(Key of F)

A song to thee, fair State of mine,
Michigan, my Michigan;
But greater song than this is thine,
Michigan, my Michigan;
The whisper of the forest tree,
The thunder of the inland sea,
Unite in one grand symphony,
Of Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou rich in wealth that makes a State,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Thou great in things that make us great,
Michigan, my Michigan;
Our loyal voices sound thy claim,
Upon the golden roll of fame,
Our loyal hands shall write the name
Of Michigan, my Michigan.

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Montana

(Key of G)

Chorus:

Montana, Montana,
Glory of the West;
Of all the states from coast to coast
You're easily the best.
Montana, Montana,
Where skies are always blue,
M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana, I love you.

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ADD HERE

Other Kiwanis Songs popular in your club.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit

f

1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
silence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it
war's de - so - la - tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

mf

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our

CHORUS *ff*

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled

fff

Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Banner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Popular arrangement especially adapted to assembly singing. From "The Golden Book."

America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY(?)

With a moderately quick motion

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
3. Let mus-ic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might Great God, our King!

God Save The King

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

God Save The King

Dieu protege le Roi,
En lui nous avons foi,
Vive le Roi!
Qu'il soit victorieux,
Et que son peuple heureux
Le comble de ses voeux;
Vive le Roi!

Qu'il regne de longs jours
Que son nom soit toujours
Notre secours.
Protecteur de la loi
Et defenseur des droits,
Notre espoir est en toi,
Vive le Roi!

French version by Benj. Sulte

The Maple Leaf Forever

A.L. ALEXANDER MUIR

With spirit

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-
2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er
4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland

tan-ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And
loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till

join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
dis-cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
rocks and for-est quiv-er, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

CHORUS

mf *f*

The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er, God

f

save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.

O Canada!

"That True North" *Tennyson*

Written by His Hon. R. STANLEY WEIR, D.C.L.
Recorder of Montreal.

C. LAVALLEE

1. O Can-a - da! Our home our na-tive land, True pa-triot love in
2. O Can-a - da! Where Pines and Maples grow, Great prairies spread and
3. O Can-a - da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies May stal-wart sons and

all thy sons command. With glowing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and
lord-ly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy broad domain, From East to Western
gen-tle maidens rise; To keep thee stead-fast thro' the years From East to Western

free; And stand on guard O Can-a-da, We stand on guard for thee.
sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou True North strong and free!
sea, Our Fa-ther-land our Moth-er-land! Our True North strong and free!

f

O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on
O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on
O Can-a - da! glo-rious and free! We stand on guard, we stand on

guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.
guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.
guard for thee. O Can-a - da we stand on guard for thee.

Used by courtesy of the author.

The Marseillaise

R. DE L. ROUGET DE LISLE

f

Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what my-riads bid you
Al - lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri -

mf *p*

rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their
vé. Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'e-ten-dard sanglant est le-

f

cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful ty-rants mis-chief
ve, L'é - ten-dard sanglant est le-vé! En - ten - dez-vous dans les cam-

mf

breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
pa - gnes Mu - gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils viennent jusque dans nos

ff

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
bras E - gor-ger nos fils, nos com-pa-gnes: Aux ar-mes, Ci-toy-ens! For-

veng-ing sword unsheath! March on, march on! all hearts resolv'd On victory or death!
mez vos batail-lons! Marchons! Marchons! Qu'un sang impur A-breu-ve nos sil-lons!

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

WILLIAM STEFFE

Moderate march time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
deal with My con - tem - ners so with you My grace shall deal." Let the He - ro born of
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
glo - ry in his bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men

light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

THOMAS A'BECKET

Majestically

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's founda-tion, Co-lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make heroes as-semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
May thy service, u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true

Thy banners make tyran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The army and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Dixie Land

DANIEL D. EMMETT

DANIEL D. EMMETT
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer

Allegretto

p

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Wil-lium was a gay de-ceab-er;
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

p

Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar'
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the

f

I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-
arm a-round 'er He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-
fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-

CHORUS

way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-
way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-

way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

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Yankee Doodle

Dr. Schackburg — Unknown

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with Captain Good'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wasted
3. And there was Captain Washington Up-on a slapping stallion, A - giv - ing or-ders
4. And then the feathers on his hat, They looked so very fine, ah! I want-ed pesk - i -

CHORUS

men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Yan-kee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dan - dy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be handy.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With spirit

SOLO — CHORUS — SOLO — Louis Lambert

1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! To wel-come home our
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur-rah! We'll give the he-ro

ff *p*

CHORUS — SOLO

wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With
three times three; Hur-rah, hur-rah! The lau - rel wreath is rea-dy now To

ff *p*

When Johnny Comes Marching Home—Continued

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

la-dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loyal brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

Rule, Britannia

JAMES THOMSON — Dr. THOMAS ARNE

1. When Bri-tain first, at Hea'vn's command, A - rose _____ from out the
2. The mus-es, still with free-dom found, Shall to _____ thy hap-py

az - ure main, A - rose from out the az - ure main,
coast re-pair, Shall to thy hap - py coast re-pair;

This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - gels sang this strain:
Blest Isle of freedom, with matchless beauty crow'nd, And manly hearts to guard the fair,

never, never, never

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves! shall be slaves!

The Home Road

J. A. C. JOHN A. CARPENTER

Moderately

1. Sing a Hymn of Free - dom, Fling the ban - ner high!
2. In the qui - et hours Of the star - ry night

f

Sing the Songs of Li - ber - ty, Songs that shall not die. For the
Dream the dreams of far a - way Home-fires burn-ing bright. For the

long, long road to Tip - pe - ra - ry Is the road that leads me home, O'er

The Home Road – Concluded

hills and plains, By lakes and lanes, My Wood-lands! My Corn-fields! My Country! My Home!

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America, The Beautiful

(Tune "Materna")

KATHERINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain
2. O beau-ti-ful for pilgrim feet Whose stern impassion'd stress A thorough-fare of
3. O beau-ti-ful for heroes prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O beau-ti-ful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

f

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
freedom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
country loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May
cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God: Brothers we are treading Where the saints have
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will re -
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-

fore! Christ the royal Master, Leads against the foe: Forward in-to bat - tle See His banners go.
trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope, in doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
main; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
song; Glory laud and hon-or Un-to Christ the King! This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

CHORUS

Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS

LOWELL MASON

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it - be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun goes down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S. Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. *D.S.*

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

Now Thank We All Our God

MARTIN RINKART — JOHANN CRÜGER

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
2. O may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His earth re - joi - ces:
With ev - er joy - ful hearts, And bless - ed peace to cheer us,
The Son and Him who reigns, With them in high - est Heav - en;

Who from our moth - ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and Heav'n a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more!

Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Old Hundredth—The Doxology)

THOMAS KEN — LOUIS BOURGEOIS

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Come Ye Thankful People

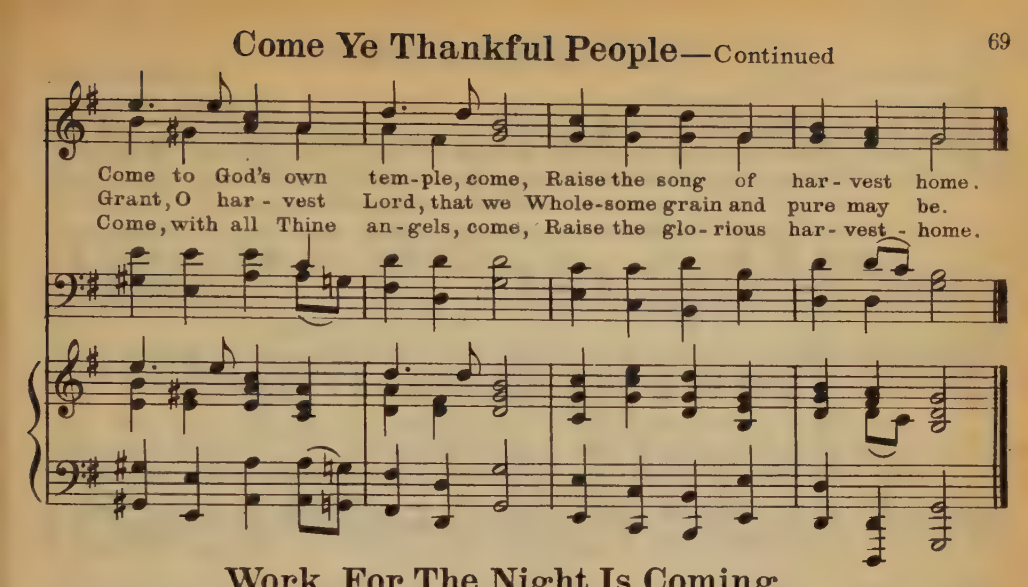
HENRY ALFORD — GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit to His great praise to yield;
3. Ev - en so, Lord, quick-ly come, Hold Thy fi - nal har - vest - home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

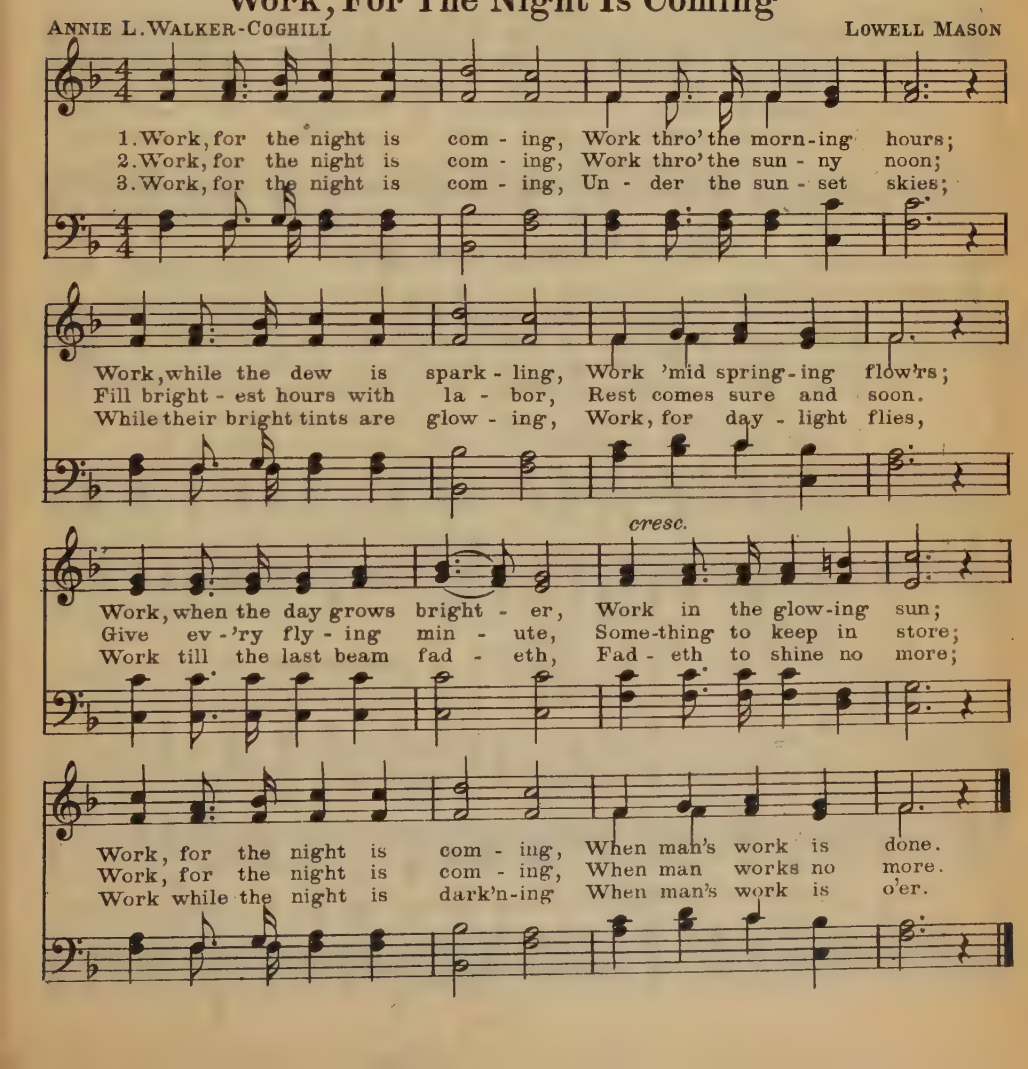
God, our Mak-er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres-ence to a - bide:

Come Ye Thankful People—Continued



Work, For The Night Is Coming

ANNIE L. WALKER-COGHILL — LOWELL MASON



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

p *cresc.*

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

Mrs. A. S. HAWKES

I Need Thee Every Hour

ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh make me Thine in -

CHORUS

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

I need Thee, oh I need Thee,

Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; Oh bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and migh-ty, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a-round the glas-sy sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly! there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-migh-ty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! mer-ci-ful and migh-ty, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

Come, Thou Almighty King

(Italian Hymn)

CHARLES WESLEY — GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend! Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!

God Of Our Fathers

DANIEL C. ROBERTS — G. W. WARREN

ff — VOICES ALONE

Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's alarms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,

WITH ORGAN — *louder*

Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splendor thro' the skies,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Rul-er, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence; Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-crease,
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine,

ff

Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine.

Now The Day Is Over

S. BARING-GOULD — J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose,
3. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may we a-rise,

Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing, May our eye-lids close.
Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.

eve-ning steal a-cross the sky.

Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR — FRANZ GRÜBER

pp

1. Si - lent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon virgin Mother and Child!
2. Si - lent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heav'n afar,
3. Si - lent night! Holy night! Son of God, love's pure light, Radiant beams from Thy holy face,

Ho - ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta-tion, Sing, all ye ci - tiz - ens of

A-des-te, fi - de-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phantes, Ve-ni - te, ve-ni - te in

Beth - le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of An-gels: O come let us a-
Heav'n a-bove: Glo - ry to God In the high-est, glo - ry! O come let us a-

Beth - le-hem. Na-tum vi - de - te, Re-gem an-ge - lo-rum. Ve-ni - te, a-do-

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

remus, Ve-ni - te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

O, Little Town Of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est Heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
3. Hail! the heav'n - born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Righteousness! Light and life to

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—Continued

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored One. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty, Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem."
man-u-el!
sec-ond birth.
} Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

Blest Be The Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Faith Of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — HENRY F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na-tions un - to thee;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

Brighten The Corner Where You Are

INA DULEY OGDON — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar-row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta - lent you may sure - ly find a need, Herere - flect the bright and morning star, E-ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Brighten the cor - ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Brighten the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from

harbor you may guide a-cross the bar, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

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Prayer Of Thanksgiving

English version by Dr. Th. Baker

Ancient Folk-song of the Netherlands

We gath-er to-geth-er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chastens and
Be-side us to guide us, our God with us join-ing, Or-dain-ing, main-
hast-ens His will to make known; The wicked op-press-ing cease them from dis-
tain-ing His King-dom di-vine, So from the be-gin-ning the fight we were
tress-ing, Sing prais-es to His name, He for-gets not His own.
win-ning, Thou Lord, wast at our side, the glo-ry be Thine
We all do ex-tol Thee, Thou Leader in bat-tle, And pray that Thou still our De-
fend-er wilt be. Let Thy con-gre-ga-tion es-cape tri-bu-la-tion; Thy
name be ev-er praised, O Lord, make us free! Lord, make us free!

The Little Brown Church In The Vale

W. S. P. — WILLIAM S. PITTS

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morn-ing To list to the clear ringing bell;

No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, O come to the church in the vale.

rit. *a tempo* Come to the church in the wildwood, O come to the church in the

O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

rit.

dale; *After 2d verse, repeat Cho.* *pp*

come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

Stars Of The Summer Night

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while in

gold-en light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
slumber light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

ADD HERE

Other Patriotic Songs or Religious Hymns popular in your club.

Annie Laurie

WILLIAM DOUGLASS — LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderately quick

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly-ing Is th' fa' o'her fair-y feet, And like

there that Annie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her promise true,
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,

Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a'the world to me, And for bonnie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

The Last Rose Of Summer

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone; / All her love-ly companions Are fad-ed and gone; } No flower of her kindred
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; / Since the lovely are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; } Thus kindly I scat-ter
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de-cay, / And from love's shining circle The gems drop a-way, } When true hearts lie withered

rit.

No rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone?

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Love's Old Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

J. L. MOLLOY

With a moderately quick motion

1. Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.

2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

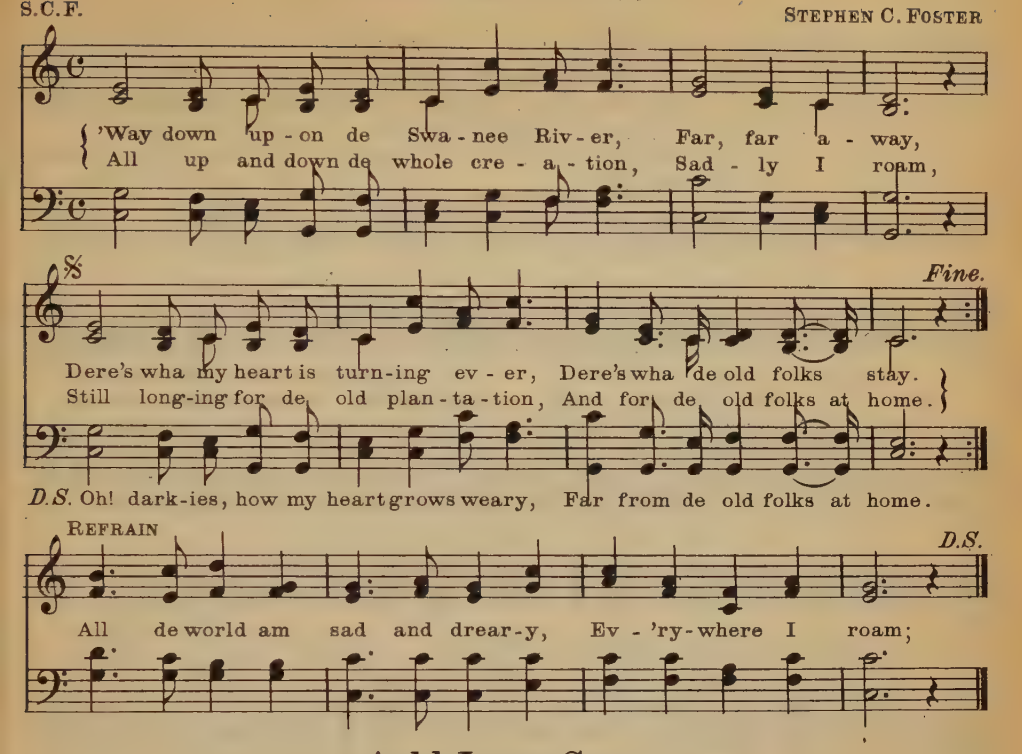
REFRAIN

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

NOTE: This song may be rendered very effectively by the entire club singing the verse and selecting a soloist to sing the chorus softly while the balance of the club hums the harmony.

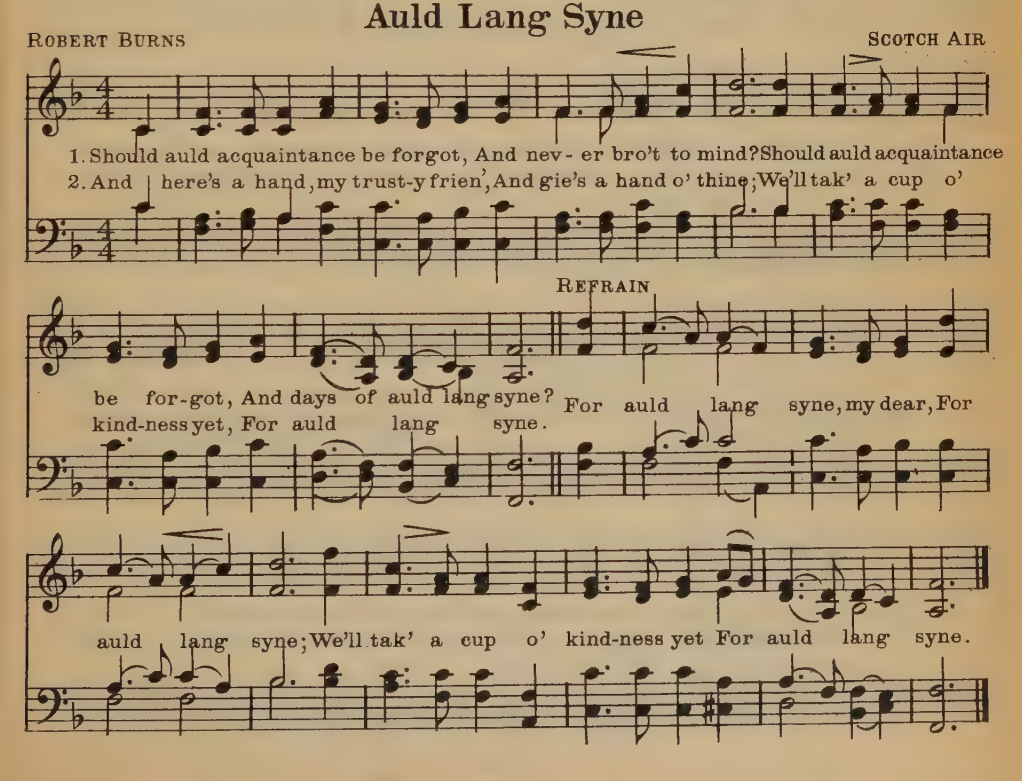
Old Folks At Home

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER



Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS SCOTCH AIR



Darling Nelly Gray

B.R.H. B.R.HANBY

1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A - sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.

2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe, While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play.

3. My eyes are get-ting blinded, And I can-not see my way; Hark! There's some-bod-y knocking at the door, O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

CHORUS

1-2. O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

3. O my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll nev-er take you from me an-y more; I'm a com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, as the an-gels clear the way, Fare well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

My Old Kentucky Home

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slowly

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day; The old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door; The old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-canes grow; A old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a-way.

rit.

The Quilting Party

Andante

p

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

dim.

REFRAIN

p

from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was see-ing Nellie home. I was seeing Nellie home, I was

cresc. *dim. e rit.*

see-ing Nellie home; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing Nel-lie home.

Massa's In The Cold Ground

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

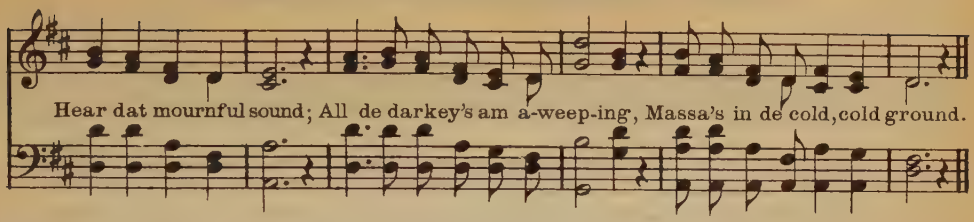
1. Round de meadows am a-ring-ing De darkey's mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
3. Massa makes de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad-ly weep a-bove him,

Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de grassy mound,
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de o-range trees am blooming, On de san-dy shore,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear drop now;

CHORUS

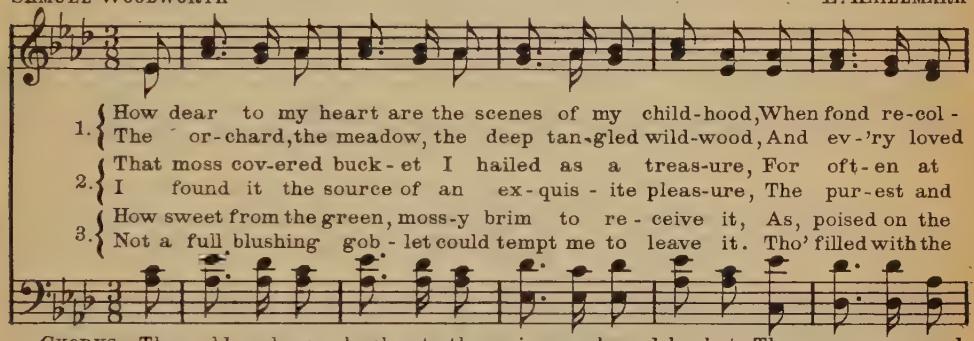
Dare old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am com-ing. Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
I try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.

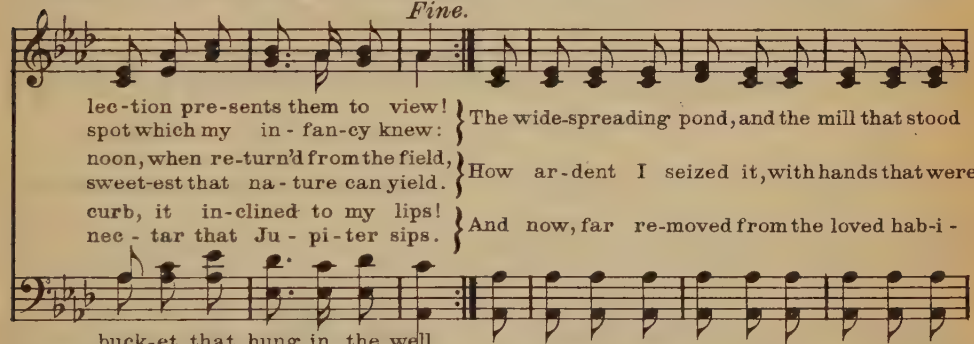
Down in de cornfield

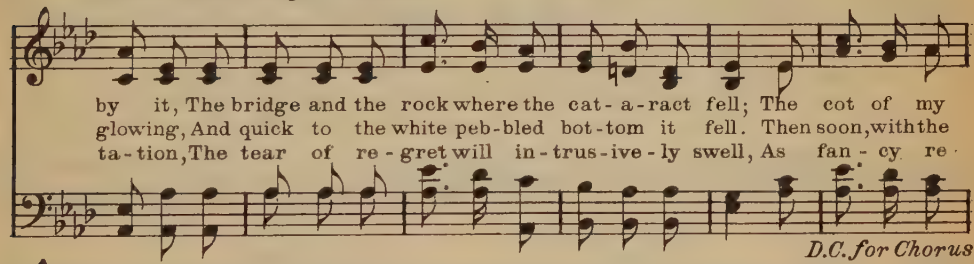


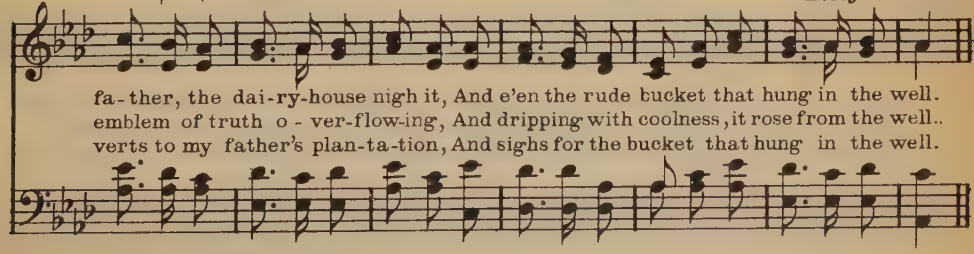
The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH — E. KAILLMARK









Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS — JAMES E. SPILMAN

Not too slowly

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet
clear winding rills! There daily I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wanton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

pp Slowly

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, oh moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
O - - ver the wa - ters go, Come

Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver

f

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,

sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

Moderately slow

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to-mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro - faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

On The Banks Of The Wabash

(Key of G)

Oh, the moonlight's fair to-night along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new mown hay —
Thro' the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

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Roamin' In The Gloamin'

(Key of F)

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' my lassie by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best —
O it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

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When You And I Were Young, Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

1. I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than then; My face is a well-writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a-lone was the pen.

The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai-sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a-ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. And now we are a-ged and gray, Maggie, The tri-als of life near-ly done;

D.S.

The old rust-y mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.

My Wild Irish Rose

(Key of B flat)

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose

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Peggy O'Neil

(Key of C)

If her eyes are blue as skies,
That's Peggy O'Neil;
If she's smiling all the while,
That's Peggy O'Neil;
If she walks like a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue,
Sweet personality, full of rascality,
That's Peggy O'Neil.

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In The Gloaming

META ORRED — ANNIE F. HARRISON

Slowly

1. In the gloaming oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et shadows, fall-ing, soft - ly come and soft-ly go, When the winds are sob - bing faintly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a-go?

2. In the gloaming oh, my darling! think not bit-ter - ly of me! Though I passed a - way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free, For my heart was crushed with longing; what had been could nev-er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

rall *cresc.*

From "The Golder Book of Favorite Songs."

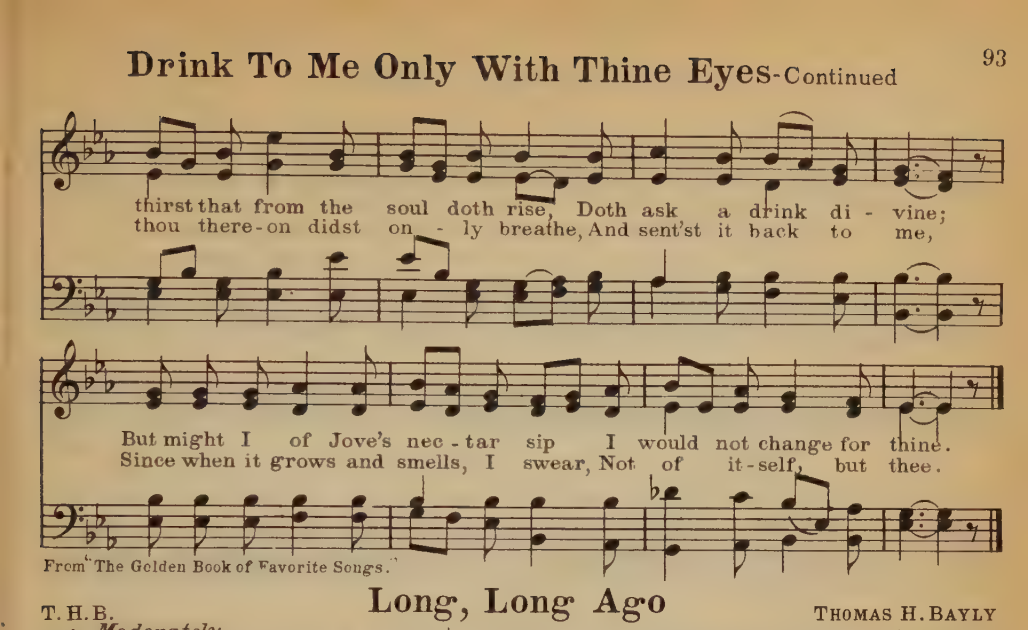
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON — OLD ENGLISH AIR

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The

2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But

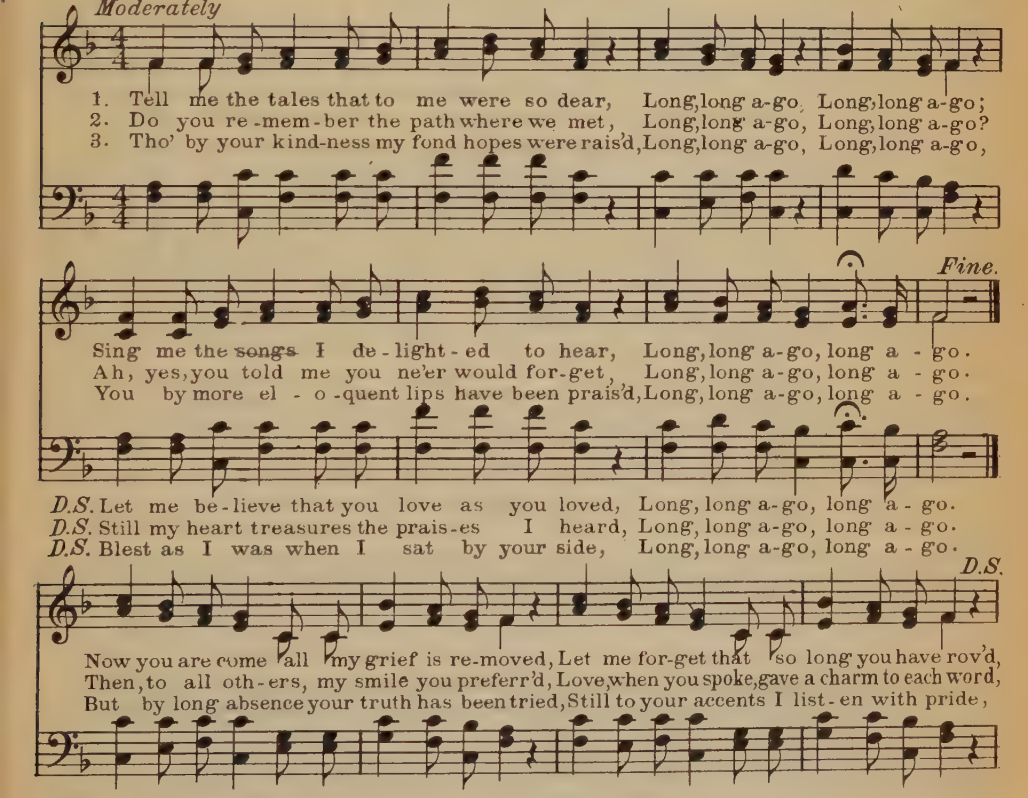
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes-Continued



From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

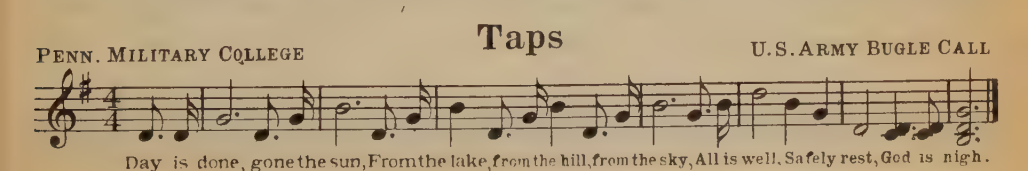
Long, Long Ago

T. H. B. — THOMAS H. BAYLY



Taps

PENN. MILITARY COLLEGE — U.S. ARMY BUGLE CALL



Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
3. An ex - ile from home splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

D. S. There's no place like home, Oh there's no place like home.

Juanita

Mrs. CAROLINE NORTON — SPANISH AIR

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light beaming, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine absent lover sigh?

Juanita - Continued

Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

Old Black Joe

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Fine.

D.S. al Fine.

mf CHORUS *pp*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low:

Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

Lively

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.
} Ev-'ry las-sie has her laddie,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the Rye.

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

(Key of G)

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn
and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in
the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart
am long to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I
was born.

CHORUS:

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in
the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am
long to go.

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Silver Threads Among The Gold

(Key of G)

Darling, I am growing old, silver threads
among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day; life is fading
fast away.
But, my darling, you will be, will be al-
ways young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling, you will be, always
young and fair to me.
Darling I am growing old, growing old, sil-
ver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day; life is fading
fast away.

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Loch Lomond

UNKNOWN

OLD SCOTCH AIR

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing, And the wild flowers spring, And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur-ple hue The
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae

ev - er wont to gae, On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
Highland hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
second spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet - ing.

CHORUS

Brisker

Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And

I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love we'll

nev-er meet a-gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Killarney

MICHAEL W. BALFE

Moderately

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2. In-nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a passing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and varied tints, Ev'ry rock that
4. Music there for e-cho dwells, Makes each sound a harmony; Many-voiced the

woodland dells, Mem'ry ev-er fond-ly strays, Bounteous nature loves all lands,
ne'er de-cline Such God's wonders floating by; Cas-tle Lough and Glena bay;
you pass by, Ver-dure broiders or besprints, Vir-gin there the green grass grows,
cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful tints be-low,

Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on man-y strands,
Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray
Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a-bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know,

rall *dim. pp a tempo*

But her home is sure-ly there! Angels fold their wings and rest, In that E-den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. Angels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. Angels oft-en pausing there, Doubt if E-den
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine, Glancing back soft

cresc. *f*

of the West, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
long life's span, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
were more fair, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
light di-vine, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.

ADD HERE

Other Old Time Favorites popular in your club.

ADD HERE

Other Old Time Favorites popular in your club.

A Merry Life

(Funiculi Funicula)

FROM THE ITALIAN — LUIGI DENZA

Rapidly and with spirit

1. Some think
2. Ah, me!

the world is made for fun and frol - ic, And so do I!
'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well!

CHORUS — And so do I! Some think it well to
And like it well! For me, I have not

SOLO

be all mel - an - chol - ic, To pine and sigh, To pine and
tho't it worth the try - ing, So can - not tell! So can - not

CHORUS

A Merry Life—Continued

SOLO

sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
tell! With laugh, and dance, and song, the day soon

sing - ing Some joy - ous song, Some joy - ous song;
pass - es, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone;

CHORUS

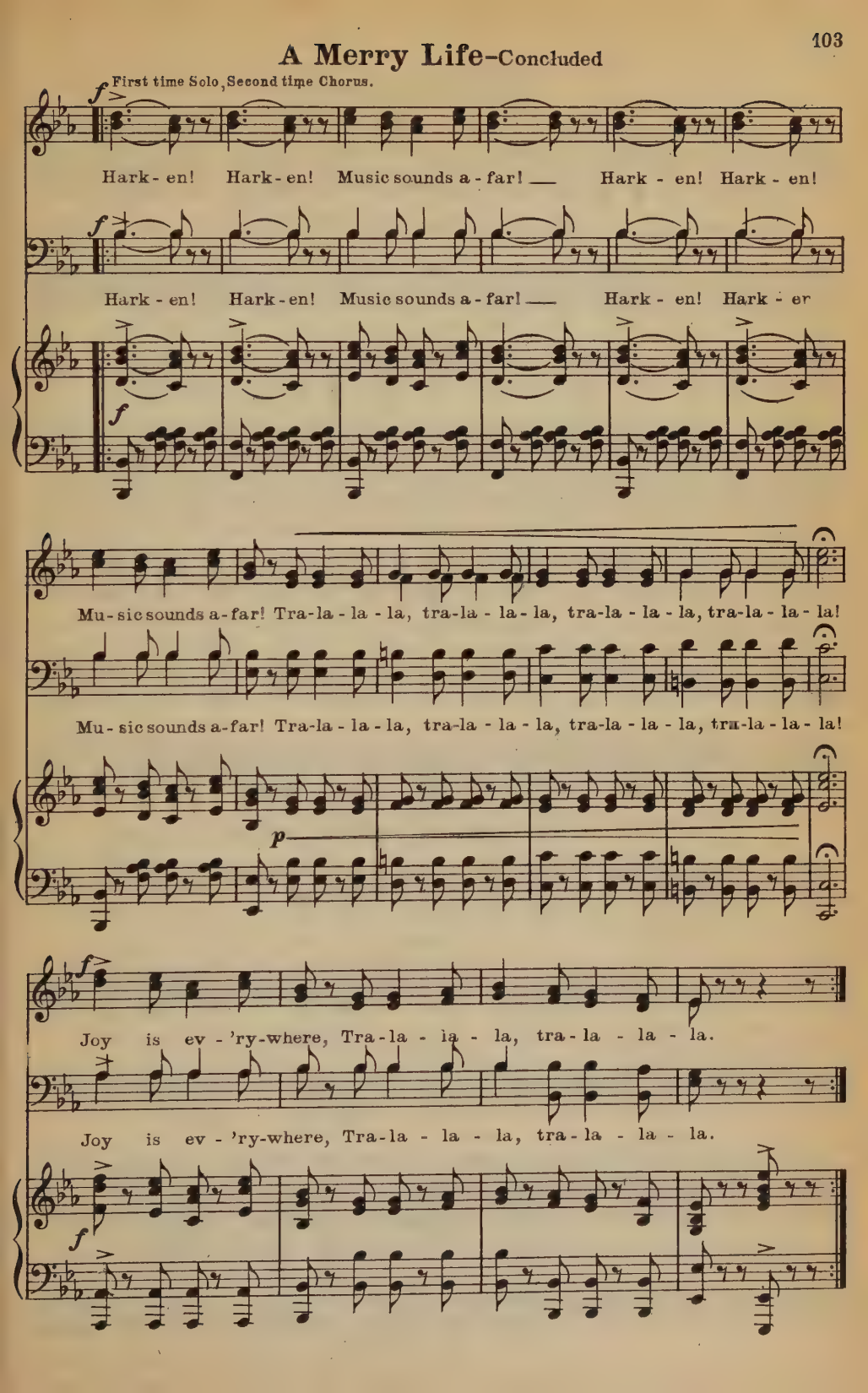
SOLO

To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing
For mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es

CHORUS

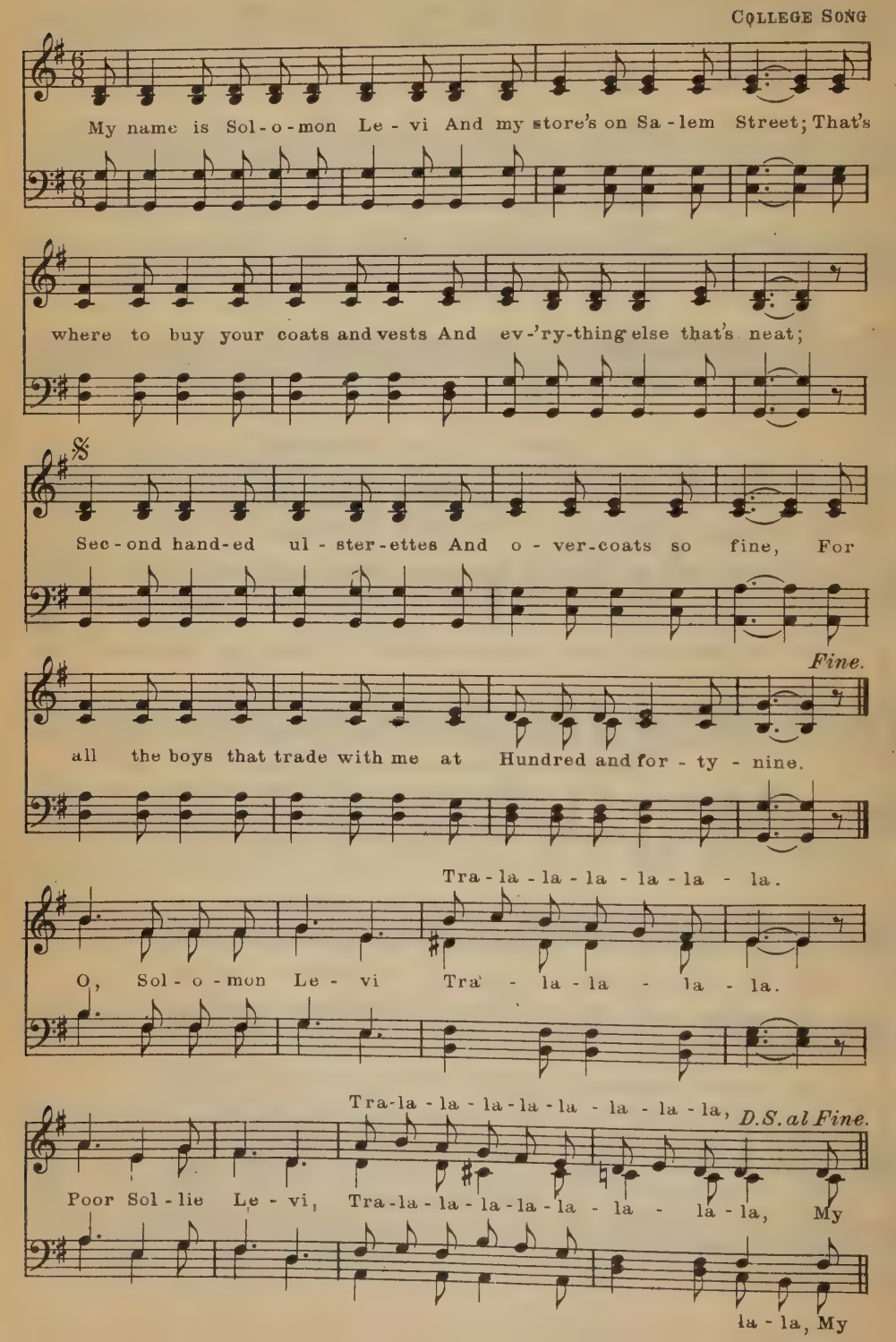
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
To call their own! To call their own!

A Merry Life—Concluded



Solomon Levi

College Song



A Vocal Combat

"The Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi" may be sung simultaneously by two groups of singers. The groups should be of equal strength and each group rehearsed on its song until it can sing it well. Then, under some capable leader who will mark the rhythm with strongly accented beat, let the two groups sing the numbers together. There should be no attempt at piano accompaniment. Singers of all ages will enjoy the "stunt."

The Spanish Cavalier

W. D. H. — WM. D. HENDRICKSON

1. A Span - ish Cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And on his gui - tar played a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, Would oft - times re - peat The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But if I should fall, In vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, A - gain to my coun - try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

CHORUS

Oh, say, darling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear; Bright sunny days will soon fade a-way. Re-member what I say, and be true, dear.

From "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

Levee Song

(Wukkin' On De Railroad)

CHORUS

I've been wukkin'on de rail-road All de live-long day; I've been wukkin'on de rail-road, To pass de time a - way. Doan yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in', Rise up so early in de mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shoutin': "Dinah blow yo' hawn!"

All Through The Night

Attributed to H. BOULTON

OLD WELSH AIR

Softly

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guardian an-gels God will send thee, All thro' the night Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping, I my lov-ing vig-il keeping All thro' the night.
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thro' the night; While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing All thro' the night, O'er thy spir - it gen-tly steal - ing, Visions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feeling, All thro' the night.

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER

HENRY TUCKER

1. Oh Gen - e-vieve I'd give the world To live a-gain the love - ly past, The
2. Fair Gen - e-vieve my ear - ly love, The years but make you dear - er far, My

rose of youth was dew im-pearl'd, But now it with - ers in the blast, I
heart shall nev - er nev - er rove, Thou art my on - ly guid-ing star, For

see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are full of thee, Thy
me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me, I

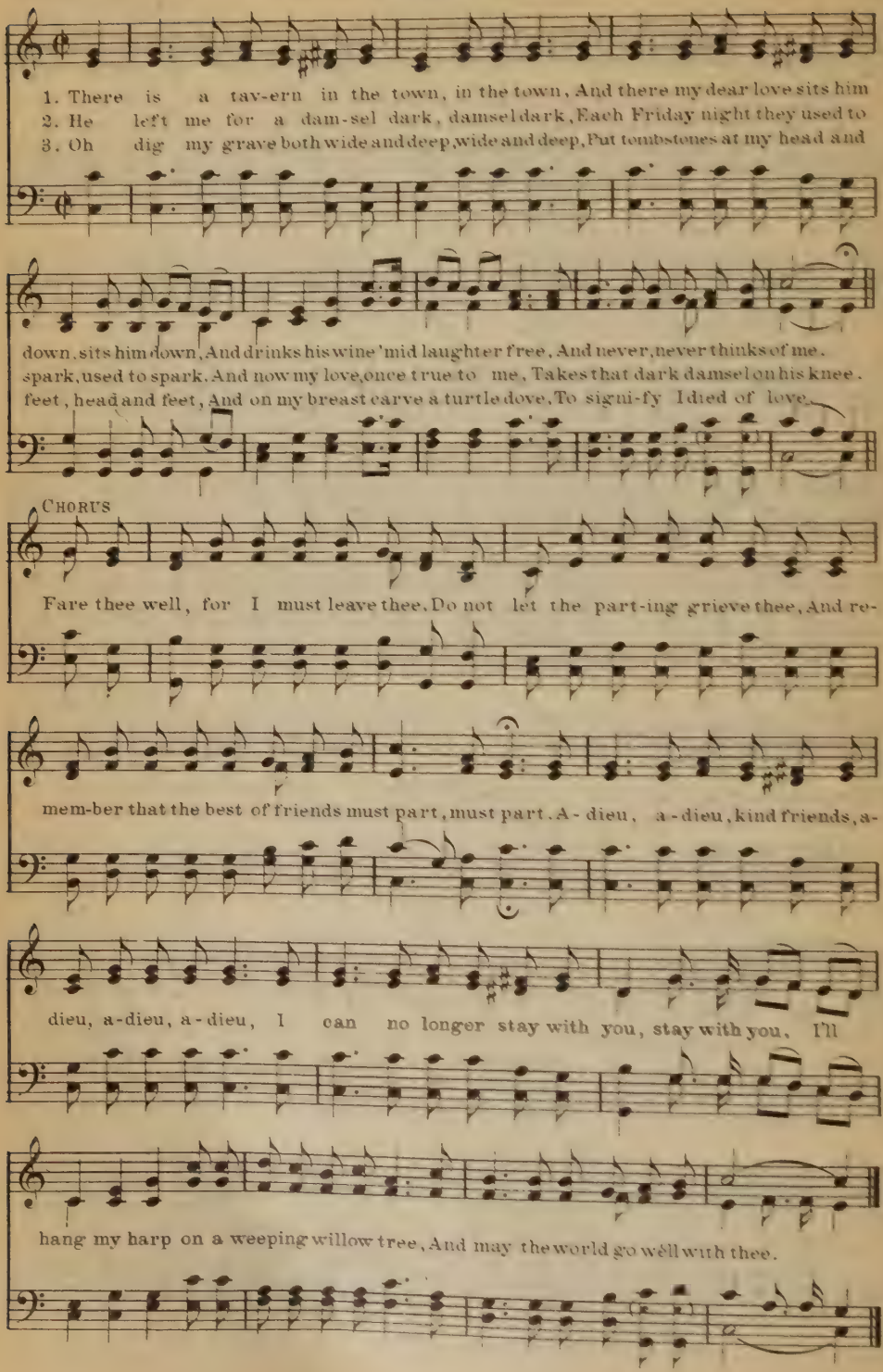
glance is in the star - ry beam, That falls a - long the sum-mer sea.
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee.

CHORUS

Oh Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

still the hand of mem - 'ry weaves The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

There Is A Tavern In The Town



Oh My Darling Clementine

P. M.

PERCY MONTROSS

1. In a cav - ern, in a ca - non, Ex - ca - vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty - nin - er, And his daughter Clem - en - tine.

CHORUS

Oh my dar - ling, Oh my dar - ling. Oh my dar - ling Clem - en - tine, You are lost and gone for - ev - er, Dref - ful sor - ry, Clem - en - tine.

2. Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

3. Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

4. Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5. In a church-yard, near the canon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

6. Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

Jingle, Bells

J. P. J. PIERPONT

Quickly

1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one horse o - pen sleigh, —
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young, —

O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; —
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just

Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak - ing spir - its bright, What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
get a bob-tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - set.
hitch him to an o pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS (*Accompanied by jingling glasses*)

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

1 In a one-horse o - pen sleigh! 2 In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow

1. For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a
2. We won't go home un - til morning, We won't go home un - til morning, We won't go
3. The bear went o - ver the mountain, The bear went o - ver the mountain, The bear went
Was the other side of the mountain, The oth - er side of the mountain, The oth - er

Fine. *D.C.*

jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - body can de - ny! Which no - bod - y can de - ny,
home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear! Till day - light doth ap - pear!
o - ver the mountain, To see what he could see! *(Yell)* And all that he could see
side of the mountain, Was all that he could see!

My Bonnie

1. My bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My bon - nie lies o - ver the sea,
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed,

My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me.

Billy Boy

mf

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you been, charming Bil-ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Bil-ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a chair, charming Bil-ly? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry pie, charming Bil-ly? She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is she, charming Bil-ly? Three times six and four times seven, Twenty - eight and e-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

(charming Bil-ly)

Blow The Man Down

mf SOLO — CHORUS — CHANTEY SOLO

1. As I was a-walk-ing down Paradise Street, Way! Hey! Blow the man down! A pret-ty young damsel I chanced for to meet. Give me some time to blow the man down.
2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" Way! Hey! Blow the man down! "De-lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet." Give me some time to blow the man down.

CHORUS

"Oh, Didn't He Ramble"

WILL HANDY

Oh didn't he ram - ble, ram - ble? He rambled all a-

round in and out the town, Oh didn't he ram - ble,

ram - ble? He rambled till the butchers cut him down.

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Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie

(Key of B♭)

Wait till the sun shines, Nellie,
When the clouds go drifting by,
We will be happy, Nellie,
Don't you sigh;
Down lovers' lane we'll wander, sweet-
heart, you and I;
Wait till the sun shines, Nellie, bye
and bye.

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On A Sunday Afternoon

(Key of C)

On a Sunday afternoon
In the merry month of June,
Take a trip up the Hudson or down the bay,
Take a trolley to Coney or Rockaway,
On a Sunday afternoon,
You can see the lovers spoon,
They work hard on Monday,
But one day that's fun day is Sunday
afternoon.

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Tammany

(Recommended for local parodies)

p–f Tam - ma-ny, Tam - ma-ny, Big Chief sits in his te-pee, cheering braves to vic-to-ry. Tam - ma-ny, Tam - many, Swamp 'em, Swamp 'em, get the "wampum", Tamma - ny. *fz*

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Ham And Eggs

(Tune: "Tammany")

Ham and Eggs . . . Ham and Eggs
I like mine fried good and brown,
I like mine turned upside down.
Ham and Eggs . . . Ham and Eggs
Flip 'em . . . . . Flop 'em
Flop 'em . . . . . Flip 'em
HAM AND EGGS.

The Mummy Song

(Tune: "The Long, Long Trail")
(Key of G)

It's a short, short life we live here
So let us give while we may
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.
What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears?
When we know a Mummy's had no fun
For more'n Three Thousand Years.

A Gymnastic Relief

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")
(Key of G)

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
(Arms to side)
Reach your hands up toward the sky,
(Hands up)
While you watch them with your eye,
(Heads up)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there sir!
(Jump lively)
Now step forward, backward – as you were.
(Step back and forth)
Then reach right out to some-one near,
(Shake hands with your neighbor)
Shake his hand and smile.
(All smile.)

A Big Night To-Night

(Key of C)

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
Big night to-night, big night to-night,
For the whole gang is here,
With a song and good cheer,
And it looks like a big night to night.

What's The Matter With — — —?

(Fill in the name of any member)

What's the matter with — — — He's all right, What's the matter with

— — — He's all right. He has a smile and he brings good cheer, And

we'll be happy while he is here, What's the matter with — — — He's all right.

sffz

Our Boys Will Shine To-Night

AMERICAN

Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine, Our boys will shine to-night, All down the line;

Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine, When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine.

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MacDonald's Farm

Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i-o, And on the farm he had some chicks,

Ee-i, ee-i-o, With a chick, chick here and a chick, chick there, Here a chick, there a chick,

Ev-ry-where a chick, chick, Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i-o.

Continue indefinitely by using names and sounds of other animals, ducks (quack, quack,) turkeys (gobble, gobble,) pigs (hoink, hoink,) Ford (rattle, rattle,) etc. Repeat entire list each time, backwards.

In Style All The While

Moderately fast

mf

They say that★Fred Park-er, He ain't got no style, In style all the

while, in style all the while, They say that Fred Park-er, He

ain't got no style, In style all the while, all the while.

★Use any name, as occasion demands.

Alouette

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by C.A.Gage

1. A - lou - et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te,

Fine. Solo Voice

je te plu-me-rai. 1. Je te plu-me-rai la tete, Je te plu-me-rai la tete.
2. Je te plu-me-rai le bec, Je te plu-me-rai le bec.

★Solo voice (Response by Chorus.)

1. A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te,
2. { A - lou-et-te, A - lou-et-te, Oh!
Et la tete, Et la tete,

3. Le nez; 4. Le dos; 5. Les pattes; 6. Le cou.

★ Repeat this measure after each verse, with the words in reverse order. For example, the last verse will be as follows:

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes;
Et le dos, et le dos, Et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, Et la tete, et la tete,
Oh! Alouette, gentille Alouette, etc.

Prairie Flower

1. I'm a lit - tle prai-rie flow'r, Grow-ing wild - er ev - 'ry hour;
2. I'm a lit - tle wrin-kled prune, May get stewed, and ver - y soon;

No - bod-y cares to cul - ti-vate me, I'm as wild as wild can be.
If I do, look out for me, I'm as bad as bad can be.

I'm as wild as wild can be, Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.
I'm as bad as bad can be, Tu - ra - lu - ra, Tu - ra - le.

Directions; Stand while singing. The last "I'm as wild as wild can be, Tu-ra-lu-ra, Tu-ra-le" should be sung with forefinger of right hand on center of top of head, slowly turning a "pivot" while singing. One line can be omitted, if desired.

A Greeting

(Any name may be used instead of Charlie)

Hel - lo! Char - lie! You're a friend of mine; Hel - lo! Char - lie!

You're a friend of mine; With your hand in your pocket And your little chain and locket;

Hel - lo! Char-lie! You're a friend of mine; And he lives down in our al - ley.

How D'ye Do

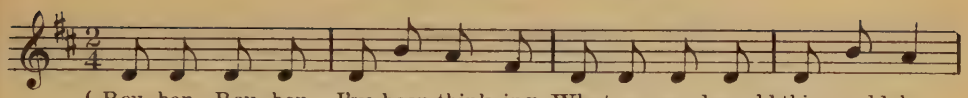
(This number should be used in greeting the speaker of the day.
Any name may be substituted for "Mister Johnson.")

How d'ye do, Mis - ter Johnson? How d'ye do? How d'ye do, Mis - ter

Johnson? How d'ye do? We are with you to a man, We'll do

ev-'ry-thing we can How d'ye do, Mis - ter Johnson? How d'ye do, do, do?

Reuben And Rachel



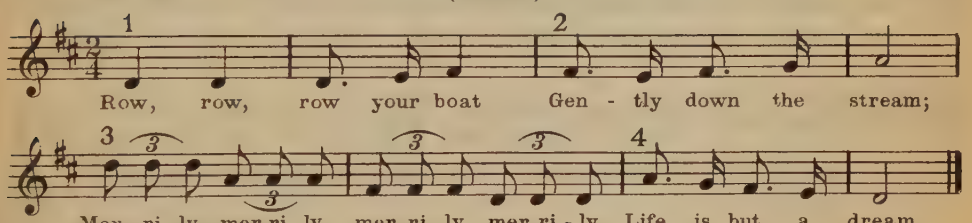
1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
   O! my good-ness, gracious Ra- chel, What a queer world this would be
2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
   Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think- ing, Men would have a mer - ry time,
3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas - ing, If you've an - y love for me,
   Ra-chel, if you'll not trans-port us, I will take you for my wife,

If the men were all transport-ed Far be - yond the North-ern Sea.
If the men were all transport-ed Far be - yond the North-ern Sea.
If they had no men a - bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
If at once they were transport-ed Far be-yond the salt - y brine.
I was on - ly just a - fool - ing, As I thought of course you'd see.
And I'll split with you my mon - ey Ev - 'ry pay - day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the ladies alternating with the men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only should be used the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)



Kiwanita

(Tune: "Juanita",-Page 94)

A Song for Ladies' Night

When, in Kiwanis, times like this shall
come again,
Gently upon us shines the moon in vain,
For we sit together, round the festal
table here,
And defy the weather with our hearty
cheer.

CHORUS:

Nita, Kiwanita, ask thy soul if we
should part;
Nita, Kiwanita, lean thou on my heart.

Sweet Adeline

(*Key of A flat*)

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
For you, dear heart, alone I pine,
In all my dreams your fair face
beams,
You're the flower of my heart sweet
Adeline.

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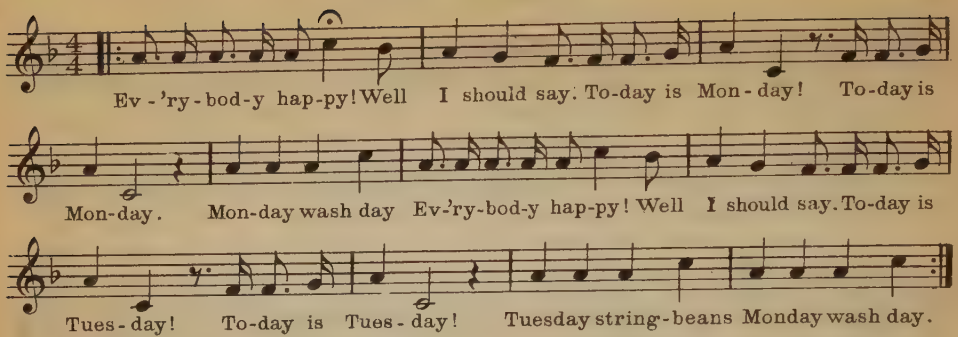
Soup Song

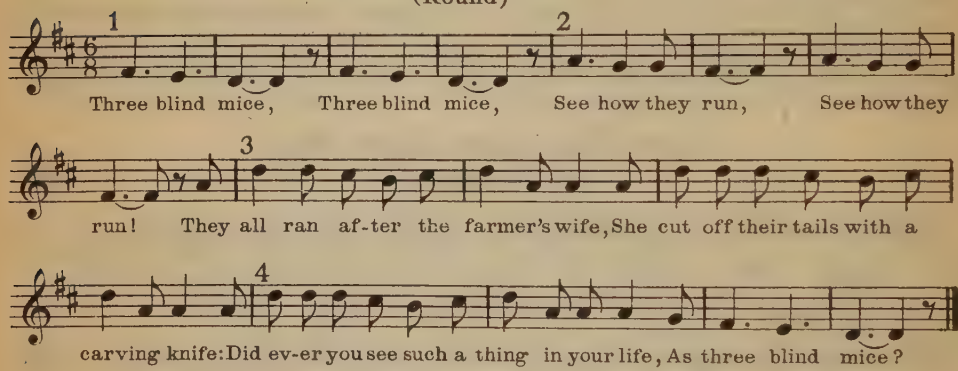


3. To-day is Wednesday. Sou-oop etc.
4. To-day is Thursday. Roast Beef etc.
5. To-day is Friday. Fish etc.
6. To-day is Saturday. Pay day etc.
7. To-day is Sunday. Church etc. Everybody happy! Well I should say.

Add on each day until all days are named as the strain is repeated. Insert "Kiwanis" on proper day.

Three Blind Mice

(Round)



Where Do You Work-a, John?

(Key of F)

Where do you work-a, John?
On the Delaware Lackawan.
What do you do-a, John?
I push-a, push-a push.
What do you push-a, John?
I push, I push-a da truck.
Where do you push-a, John?
On the Delaware Lackawan-a-wan-a-
wan-a-wan,
The Delaware Lack-a-wan!

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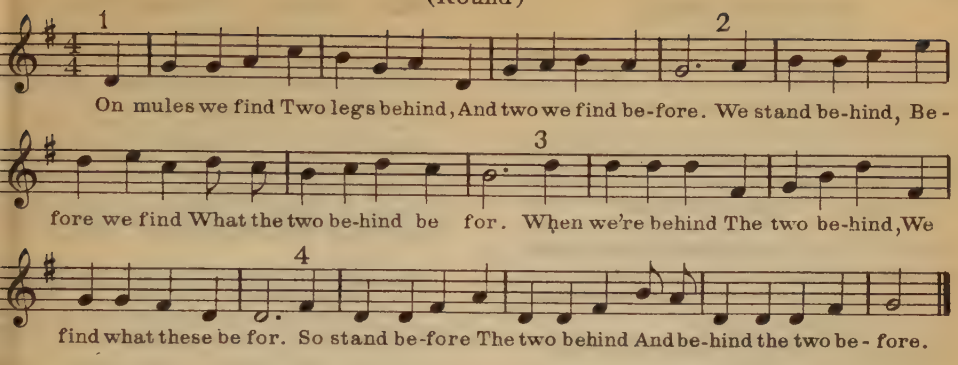
The Mule

(Tune: "Maryland")
(Key of G)

The mule he is a funny sight,
He's made of ears and dynamite,
He has a lovely voice to sing,
And makes a noise like everything.
Some folks don't treat mules with re-
spect,
They say they have no intellect.
The mule he tends to his own biz,
He don't look loaded but he is.

Mules

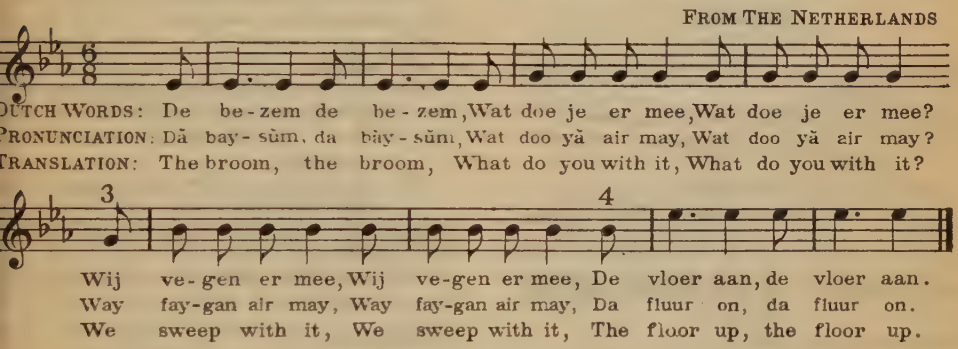
(Round)



De Bezem

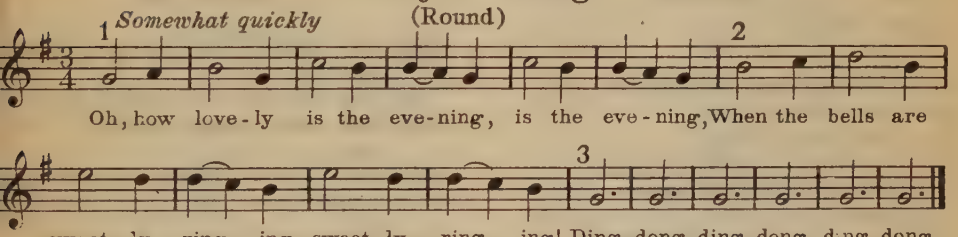
(Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.



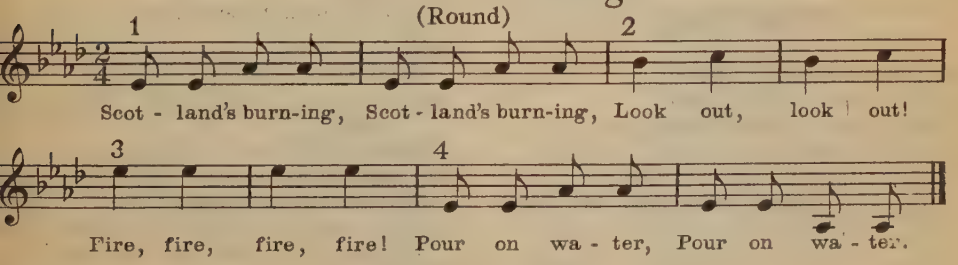
Lovely Evening

(Round)



Scotland's Burning

(Round)



Smilin' Through

(Key of D)

There's a little brown road windin' over the hill
To a little white cot by the sea;
There's a little green gate
At whose trellis I wait,
While two eyes o' blue
Come smilin' through. At me!

There's a gray lock or two in the brown of the hair,
There's some silver in mine, too, I see;
But in all the long years,
When the clouds brought their tears,
Those two eyes o' blue
Kept smilin' through. At me!

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The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise

(Key of B Flat)

Dear heart, the world is waiting for the sunrise,
Every rose is heavy with the dew;
The thrush on high his sleepy mate is calling,
And my heart is calling for you.

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Let the Rest of the World Go By

(Key of G)

With someone like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that's known
To God alone—
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

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Sing Along

(Key of D)

Sing along, Oh, sing along
At work or while at play,
If skies be gray or dull the day,
Just sing along the way!
Sing along, Oh, sing along,
And make the sad heart gay,
You'll always find the sunshine
If you sing along the way.

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She Wears a Yeller Ribbon

(Key of D)

Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,
She wears it in the winter and the summer, so they say.
If you ask her "Why the decoration?"
She'll say, "It's fur my lover who is fur, fur away;"
Fur away—Fur away—
If she is milkin' cows or mowin' hay,
'Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,
She wears it fur her lover, who is fur, fur away.

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The Bells of St. Mary's

(Key of E Flat)

The Bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they are calling
The young loves, the true loves who come from the sea;
And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.
The Bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they are calling,
The young loves, the true loves who come from the sea,
And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.

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A Perfect Day

(Key of A Flat)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true,
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

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The Stein Song

(Key of C)

Give a rouse then in the May-time,
For a life that knows no fear,
Turn night-time into day-time,
With the sunlight of good cheer;
For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

Chorus:
For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear.

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Daisy Bell

(Key of B Flat)

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage;
But you'll look sweet, sat on the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

The Old Gray Mare

(Key of B Flat)

The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be,
The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

Smiles

(Key of G)

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

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Gypsy Love Song

(Key of B Flat)

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove.
Can you hear me, hear me in that Dreamland,
Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove,
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my heart's true love?

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Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(Key of B Flat)

Let me call you "Sweetheart,"
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too,
Keep the love-light glowing
In your eyes so true;
Let me call you "Sweetheart,"
I'm in love with you!

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I Want a Girl

(Key of D)

I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad,
She was a pearl and the only girl
That daddy ever had,
A good old-fashioned girl with heart so true
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

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The Sidewalks of New York

(Key of G)

East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie"
"London Bridge is falling down";
Boys and girls together, Me and Mamie O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

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I Love a Lassie

(Key of D)

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie;
She's as pure as the lily in the dell;
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma' Scotch bluebell.

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In the Good Old Summer Time

(Key of B Flat)

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey-wootsey
In the good old summer time.

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Annie Rooney

(Key of D)

She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
She's my sweetheart, and I'm her beau;
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Roooney is my sweetheart.

Leap Frog

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

(Key of B Flat)

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.

Old Fashioned Garden

(Key of E Flat)

It was an old fashioned garden,
Just an old fashioned garden,
But it carried me back
To that dear little shack
In the land of long ago.
I saw an old fashioned Missus
Getting old fashioned kisses
In that old fashioned garden
From an old fashioned beau.

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Sunrise and You

(Key of G)

Sunrise and you,
And the soft morning dew,
Like the tears on your cheek when we parted.
My fond heart awakes
When the glorious day breaks,
For the sunrise reminds me of you!

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Sweet Rosie O'Grady

(Key of G)

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows;
And when we are married,
How happy we'll be,
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

Mother Machree

(Key of C)

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers, so toilworn for me.
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

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There's a Long, Long Trail

(Key of G)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingale is singing
And the white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

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There Are Times

(Key of A Flat)

(Tune: "Smiles")

There are times that make us happy,
There are times that make us blue,
There are times when there is something stirring,
And we have a lot of work to do.
There are times when there is no one knocking.
It's right here, now let me tell you this;
It's the hour that fills our week with sunshine,
When we all come to Ki-wan-is.

Till We Meet Again

(Key of E Flat)

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane, my dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily.
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

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ADD HERE

Other Popular, Stunt or Gang Songs used by your club.

ADD HERE

Other Popular, Stunt or Gang Songs used by your club.

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CLASSIFIED INDEX

(For Alphabetical Index See Inside Front Cover.)

Kiwanis Songs ..... 5 to 44
District Songs .....46 to 52
Patriotic Songs .....54 to 65
Sacred Songs and Hymns.66 to 79
Old Popular Songs.....81 to 98
Stunt Songs, Gang Songs and New Popular Songs..101 to 124

Suggested Songs for Special Occasions

THE NEW YEAR

America, The Beautiful..... 65
Come, Thou Almighty King.. 71
Doxology, The 67
Onward in Kiwanis..... 5

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Battle Hymn of the Republic, The 59
Massa's in the Cold Ground.. 86
Old Black Joe..... 95

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.... 90
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes..... 92
Juanita 94
Let Me Call You Sweetheart 123

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

America 55
Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean 60
Star-Spangled Banner, The.. 54

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Mother Machree 124
My Wild Irish Rose..... 91
Killarney 98

MEMORIAL DAY

Battle Hymn of the Republic, The 59
When Johnny Comes Marching Home 62

FOURTH OF JULY

Any patriotic numbers.

BASTILLE DAY (July 14th)

Marseillaise, The 58

LABOR DAY

Where Do You Work-a, John? 120
Work, For the Night Is Coming 69
Wukkin' On De Railroad (Levee Song) 106

COLUMBUS' DAY

America, The Beautiful..... 65
Funiculi, Funicula (A Merry Life) 101

THANKSGIVING DAY

Doxology, The 67
Now Thank We All Our God 67
Prayer of Thanksgiving..... 78
Come, Ye Thankful People... 68

CHRISTMAS

Hark, The Herald Angels Sing 74
O, Come, All Ye Faithful.... 73
O, Little Town of Bethlehem 74
Silent Night 73

CONSTITUTION WEEK

Any patriotic numbers.

MUSIC WEEK

Love's Old Sweet Song..... 82
Sing Along 122
Sweet and Low..... 89

MOTHER'S DAY

I Want a Girl..... 123
Mother Machree 124
Smilin' Through 122
Silver Threads Among the Gold 96

LADIES' DAY

Annie Rooney 124
Daisy Bell 123
Kiwanita 119
Let Me Call You Sweetheart 123
Reuben and Rachel..... 119
Sweet Rosie O'Grady..... 124

BIRTHDAYS

A Greeting (Hello, ——, You're a friend of mine)..... 118
For He's A Jolly Good Fellow 111
In Style All The While..... 116
What's The Matter with ——? 115

FUNERALS

Abide With Me..... 76
Nearer, My God, To Thee... 66

WELCOMING

Hello, ——, You're a friend of mine (A Greeting)..... 118
How D'ye Do..... 118
Welcome Song 39
Welcome To Chicago..... 42

PARTING

Auld Lang Syne..... 83
Till We Meet Again..... 124

EVENING

Abide With Me..... 76
All Through The Night..... 106
Now The Day Is Over..... 72
Perfect Day, A..... 122
Taps 93

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KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL

Federal Reserve Bank Building — 164 W. Jackson Blvd. — Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

KIWANIS began in Detroit, Michigan, in January, 1915, at which place and time the first Kiwanis club was organized.

The potentialities of the movement became evident early and as the high purposes of the institution became more and more apparent to the business world, a development began which is almost unparalleled in the history of business men's clubs. Kiwanis is now represented in a great majority of the most progressive communities of the United States and Canada.

Kiwanis membership is composed of leading business and professional men, including one man and his competitor from each line in a given city. This dual representation makes for a democracy and integrity within business and professional circles which are automatically communicated to every phase of social and civic activity. Hence, by virtue of the choice leaderships and powerful influence which can thus be concentrated on any community need Kiwanis clubs are achieving an international reputation as "Doers of Good."